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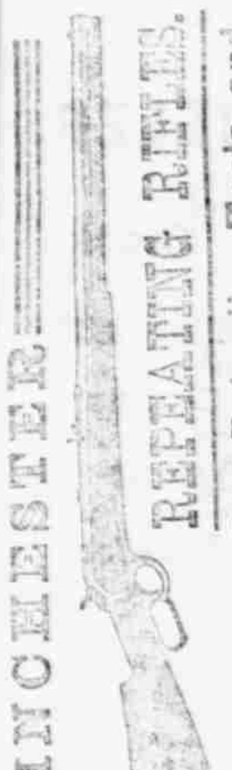
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DAISY BURNS.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

The very last place in which to look for the heroine of a romance—a common-place kitchen garden, with long rows of turnips and onions and straight beds of asparagus, cauliflower and thyme. But some of the sweetest idyls are lived on the same plane with growing cabbages and parsley.

She was stooping over one of the garden beds, deftly uprooting the rank weeds that were springing up among the vegetables. A slender young girl who might have been very graceful and pretty under fostering circumstances. As it was, her willowy form had become slightly bent with stooping over uncongenial tasks, her hands were roughened with toil, and her sweet face with its melting blue eyes and hair of burnished gold wore habitually a discontented expression.

Do not blame her. Daisy Burns was like a transplanted rose blooming in an arid desert. All her life since she could remember had been spent in the same round of daily drudgery. The purple hills that shut her in seemed like the grim walls of a prison; and now, as she paused for a moment to look around, her blue eyes were full of childish, wistful longing.

"I wonder what lies beyond? If I were a bird, I would go and see," she murmured softly to herself.

"Would you?" said a laughing voice. "You know the old adage that distance lends enchantment; nevertheless, I am certain you would feel amply repaid."

Daisy turned with a smothered scream. Close beside her stood an utter stranger, a strikingly handsome man, with dark, mesmeric eyes, a bronzed face, and rings of silken hair clustering about his forehead. His straw hat was swinging in one hand.

Daisy had seen enough of the world to know that the intruder was city born and bred. Tone, expression, even the easy air with which he wore his tourist's dress of gray tweed, were sufficient to tell her this. And yet very few people of his class ever came to Bramley.

"Don't be frightened," he said, holding out a shapely hand upon which a diamond flashed in the sunlight. "I could not help hearing what you said. I may be a magician—who knows?—with power to grant every wish."

Daisy did not take the proffered hand. But a tingling thrill shot through her veins. She looked down at her plain, gingham dress and coarse shoes, her cheeks burning painfully hot as she thought what a fright she must appear in the young man's eyes.

"Do you want to see Mrs. Briggs?" she asked, at last.

He met her embarrassed gaze, not making the least effort to keep the amused expression out of his black eyes.

"Who is Mrs. Briggs? The presiding genius of the unpainted farmhouse yonder?"

"Yes. I live there."

"She can't be your mother. Is she a relative—aunt or cousin?"

"No. She took me from the work-house when I was a little girl, she says. I was too young to remember. I have lived with her ever since," the girl replied.

"Humph! And a pretty life she must have led you, to judge from appearances. Does she ever scold you?"

"Sometimes."

"And keeps you at work from morning till night—heaping all sorts of drudgery upon your young shoulders?"

The girl's eyes filled. It was a new experience to have any one take the slightest interest in her welfare.

"Things must be done," she replied, sententiously. "Mrs. Briggs says I am younger and stronger than she."

"Of course. Has she ever sent you to school?"

"Yes; a few weeks at a time. But I found some old books in the attic. I study and read at night when Mrs. Briggs thinks I am in bed," she answered.

The young man took a step nearer.

"Why don't you run away?" he asked, dropping his voice.

Daisy started violently at that. The temptation was almost constantly before her mind. But she had tried it once, as a child, and been brought back. The recollection of what followed had been a restraining terror ever since.

"I do not dare," she faltered.

The young man put his two strong hands upon her shoulders and faced her round toward him.

"I want you to take a good look at me, Daisy Burns. Don't change color—I know your name perfectly well. Mine is Eustace Dare. I am your friend. Do I appear like a person whom you could trust?"

"Yes," she answered trembling, and half crying again.

"Good. This is no life for one like you to lead. You might as well be a bond slave and done with it. That woman will crush you, body and spirit. You are afraid to venture out into the world alone. Come with me."

She gazed at him in startled inquiry. She felt the subtile magnetism of his presence; but, though she knew nothing of the world, her instincts were innocent and pure.

"Go with you? How can I?" said.

"As my wife. That is what I mean. It is the only way. I mean honestly by you, little Daisy. I will take you to the nearest clergyman, one of your own friends if you choose, and we will be man and wife before Mrs. Briggs has even time to miss you. What do you say?"

His dark eyes were full of passionate pleading. Like all young girls, Daisy had often pictured to herself what her unknown lover would be like. He stood before her, braver, handsomer, more impetuous and eager than imagination had ever depicted him. No wonder her heart thrilled with blended dread and longing.

"It is so strange that you should wish to marry me," she said, in a trembling voice. "You had never seen me fifteen minutes ago."

He laughed, a glowing light in his bold black eyes.

"Don't deceive yourself, Daisy. Do you see that rose thicket yonder? I stood there a full hour yesterday, watching you at work, and longing to come out and speak to you."

Daisy blushed painfully; but she did not turn away from that beseeching gaze. Here was her chance to be free, to escape from the hard, uncongenial life and Mrs. Briggs' rasping complaints. She was impulsive and romantic—the earnestness of her handsome young lover won upon her momentarily.

"You are quite sure that you want me?" she faltered, timidly.

"Dear little saint! I never wanted anything half so much in my life. So it is settled—you will come with me? The sooner the better. Mrs. Briggs may do the remainder of the weeding herself. She will need a safety valve when she discovers that you are gone—safe beyond her reach. Come, little Daisy."

"So soon?"

"Of course. What is to be gained by waiting? You can replenish your wardrobe in the nearest town. Nothing that old wretch ever gave you will be worth taking along."

"There's a gold locket that was about my neck when Mrs. Briggs took me from the work-house," said Daisy.

A curious expression swept over Eustace Dare's face.

"Oh, you must have that, by all means. Go for it at once, and meet me in the high-road below the house. Don't attempt to bring anything else—unless you have other souvenirs."

"That is the only one—"

"Daisy! Dai-sy!" at this moment screamed a shrill feminine voice from the kitchen door.

The girl lifted a startled glance to her companion's face.

He smiled reassuringly. Several rows of tall bean-poles covered with blossoming vines intervened between them and the farmhouse, and there was little fear that Mrs. Briggs' sharp eyes had penetrated the barrier.

Daisy fled toward the house, her face all in a glow. Mrs. Briggs noticed her heightened color and rapt look, and a frown made her sharp visage still more forbidding.

"What now?" she demanded crossly. "It was never work that made your face so red. You'll never hurt yourself with overdoing. Ten o'clock, and the beds not made. Go right up-stairs and do the chamber work as quick as ever you can. It will soon be time to get the dinner on for the men in the field."

Daisy gave the woman a scared glance and hastily climbed the stairs.

The locket was quite at the bottom of her trunk. She found it and hid it in her bosom, then quickly changed her plain gingham dress for a blue and white lawn, the best her scant wardrobe afforded. This done, and her hat and shawl laid out, she sat down white and trembling. She felt too weak to move for a few minutes. What excuse could she offer if Mrs. Briggs came up-stairs and found her thus gorgeously arrayed? She lived in mortal terror of the woman.

Finally, her strength came back to her so far that she could crawl to the open window. She fancied the sight of her lover would give her courage. A man with a pack on his back was coming up the path. She watched him go round the house and disappear in the direction of the kitchen.

The next instant a low whistle sounded, and a hat was waved above the hedge. Eustace Dare's signal, and she grew strong all at once. It seemed an age, however, while she was descending the front stairs and crossing the bit of open lawn that intervened between the farm house and the gate. At last a strong arm was about her waist, supporting her.

"You saw the pack-peddler?" he whispered. "Our good angel brought him this way. I sent him to the kitchen door to monopolize Mrs. Briggs' attention until you could escape by the front door."

"She will be very angry."

"So much the better," he laughed.

A horse and carriage were waiting at the bend in the road. Before the morning sun stood trembling in the zenith, or the clanging farm-house bell rang the noon warning, our simple-hearted Daisy was the bride of a man who was almost a stranger to her.

When the clergyman left them alone for a few moments, Eustace drew her into his arms and said, with repressed eagerness:—

"Now, darling, let me see the locket of which you spoke."

She saw him start as his glance fell upon it—a quaint, old-fashioned trinket of Roman gold. After a moment's close inspection he touched a secret spring that Daisy had never discovered. The lid flew back, disclosing a woman's face.

Daisy leaned forward to look, her breath almost gone.

"I was certain there must be a picture," she murmured, "but I could never open it. What a sweet face!"

"Yours is its counterpart."

Daisy's cheeks flushed, but she shook her head and said,—

"I shall never look like that. That is the portrait of a fine lady. Do you think she could have been my mother?"

"I am sure of it. Put the locket carefully away. The time is coming when it will be worth a fortune to you."

It might be a jest, but the girls pulses bounded. It would be so blessed to know that she had a history that dated beyond Mrs. Briggs and the workhouse doors.

An hour later the eloping pair had taken an express train, and were speeding away from Bramley and hard-hearted Mrs. Briggs. The erratic nature of the step she had taken caused her little uneasiness. She was supremely happy, rendered so by the devotion of her handsome lover-husband.

Their journey ended just as the sunset glory was fading from earth and sky. They left the train at a lonely country station. After a short walk through the woods, they came in sight of a rude, thatched hut. On the doorstep sat a wrinkled old woman smoking a pipe.

"Good evening, Deb. Let us come in. I have brought company," Eustace said.

"Yes, yes," mumbled the hag, holding her pipe in one skinny hand and giving Daisy a keen look.

"This young lady is my wife. We want you to shelter us for a few days."

"Your wife, sir?"

"That is what I said," Eustace answered rather sharply. "Come, bestir yourself and give us some supper."

The old woman arose, shaking her head slowly from side to side, and led the way into the hut. It was a poor place containing two rooms and a hot, close loft.

Eustace Dare drew Daisy down into one of the flag-bottomed chairs, and put his arm tenderly about her.

"A queer place in which to spend one's honey-moon," he whispered, a glowing light in his handsome eyes. "But we will soon exchange for more luxurious quarters. You do not mind it, my darling?"

"Not in the least," she answered.

Neither did she. Her heart was running over with happiness and content. She had never known what it was to be loved and carred for, and this sudden-born passion thrilled her whole being. She worshipped her adoring young husband already. His presence would make a paradise out of the meanest cabin. Even old Deb's furtive looks and doleful sighs failed to disturb her serenity.

The summer days went by like a brief dream. One morning Daisy slept later than usual, and on stepping into the next room, after a hasty toilet, found old Deb alone, getting breakfast.

"Where is Mr. Dare?" she asked, with a vague feeling of alarm.

"Gone," the woman answered, without looking up.

"Gone? What do you mean?"

Deb brought a letter from the shelf between the windows, and silently put it in her hand. Daisy broke the seal with trembling fingers.

"MY DARLING:—I must leave you for a few days. Remain quietly where you are until I come back, and on no account hold any communication with strangers!"

Daisy read the letter twice over, and fell helplessly into a chair, her lips pale, her eyes staring straight before her. It was very strange that her husband should leave her so abruptly; and what did he mean by the singular warning with which the brief note concluded?

After a while she looked at Deb, but something assured her that the old woman could—or rather would—tell her nothing. So she refrained from asking questions. But she felt a sickening sensation.

The summer days dragged their slow length along. Eustace Dare had been gone nearly a week. One intensely hot day piled the heavens with lurid, threatening-looking clouds. Shortly after sunset the tempest burst in all its fury. Vivid flashes of lightning streamed athwart the inky sky, the thunder roared like giant artillery, the rain fell in torrents driven before a furious wind. Unable to sleep, Daisy sat in the shabby front room with old Deb cowering beside her. Suddenly there came an intensely vivid flash of lightning that seemed to run along every visible object like a lurid tongue of fire; it was followed instantly by a deafening peal of thunder, and something crashed before the door, shaking the little hut to its foundation.

"The old elm has been struck!" cried Deb.

"Hark!" exclaimed Daisy, springing to her feet.

The sound that had startled her came again to her ears, a faint, moaning cry as of someone in pain. Her first thought was of her husband. She rushed to the door and flung it wide open. The lamp-light streamed forth into the darkness. She saw at a glance that the old elm growing before the door bore the seathing marks of the lightning's course, and some of its boughs lay shattered upon the ground.

Another look and a white face gleamed palely from the sodden grass. A man lay there in the drenching rain, where he had fallen, stricken down by one of the broken limbs. Not Eustace Dare, but a stranger. Daisy forgot her husband's warning. Thrusting Deb's detaining hand aside, she rushed out into the pelting storm, swayed by one of those generous impulses that make woman's gentle nature all divine.

"Help!" she cried, tugging at the fallen bough that lay across his body.

Deb came reluctantly. It seemed ages before they succeeded in extricating the man, and got him into the house. He sank fainting into the nearest chair.

Deb gave a sort of shriek as the lamp-light shone full upon his face.

"Richard Langley!"

Then she drew back a few paces, trembling like a wind-shaken leaf.

"You know this man?" Daisy said, coming close to her, a vague terror taking away her breath. "No one ever comes in this direction. What brings him here to-night?"

"Fate," the old woman replied with a smothered groan.

Daisy was frightened by the expression of her face. But the time for curious questioning had not come. Between them they got the stranger into the inner room, and restoratives were brought. Some time elapsed before he showed signs of returning consciousness. His eyes opened at last. An intense light came into them as they rested on Daisy's face.

"Eulalie! They told me you were dead," he whispered.

The girl looked at Deb.

"Poor man! his mind wanders."

"Hush!"

Those dark eyes were still closely scanning her face. There was something mesmeric in that gaze. Daisy had a singular feeling that the stranger's fate and her own would be more or less intimately interwoven. Gradually the bewildered expression faded from his features, and a smile crept about the mustached lips—a smile of winning sweetness that at once dazzled the susceptible girl, and made her long to flee.

"I have made a mistake. You are not Eulalie. She is dead. She would be old enough to be your mother, if living. Perhaps," with a swift, intense look, "that is the relationship she really bore to you."

Daisy shook her head.

"I dont know what you mean. I never heard the name before."

"It can't be an accidental resemblance," he muttered.

Then suddenly he turned to Deb.

"You know. Why don't you tell me?" he cried. "This girl has not long been an inmate of your hut. Who and what is she? Can it be that—that Eustace—"

He stopped short, as though overcome by some startling thought.

The old woman grew very pale. She saw him stretch forth his hand suddenly. The gesture seemed to frighten her. She dragged Daisy forcibly into the adjoining room, and closed the intervening door.

"Keep away from that man," she panted hoarsely. "As you value your peace and happiness, do not let Eustace Dare find you in his presence. There is bad blood between them."

She said no more. All Daisy's efforts were powerless to win another word from her lips.

The gray morning found her sitting pallid and listless in the outer room. Old Deb was passing in and out at the open door engaged in her usual avocations. But there was a troubled look on her yellow old face. The terrible storm of the night was over.

At last a step sounded outside. Eustace Dare's broad shoulders seemed to rise out of the wet thickets where diamond drops were glittering in the morning sunlight. Daisy's heart gave a great bound. Her husband had returned unexpectedly; but she did not rush forth to meet and welcome him. She attempted to do so, but an iron hand seemed to hold her back.

Old Deb was the first to grasp his hand. She uttered a few words in a suppressed voice. Eustace's brow darkened as he listened, and with one long stride he was in the room, looking down at his pallid, wondering bride.

"Come," he said, his fingers closing like iron bands upon her wrist. "This is no place for you, Daisy. Where are your wraps?"

Not a kiss, not even a loving word after that long separation! He stood beside her white as death, with a lurid light in his handsome eyes.

Deb brought her hat and shawl. Daisy made no resistance as she was hurried through the open door, past the debris of the lightning shattered elm, and so on to the cool, green wood. She felt more curious than frightened. They had walked some distance before Eustace looked at or spoke to her again.

"You have the locket, Daisy?"

"She drew it from her bosom, holding it up in the shimmering green light that sifted through the forest arches.

The young man stopped short, and with a sudden low cry drew her close to his fast throbbing heart.

"My darling, my darling! No one shall come between us now. I could not bear it."

"What can part us, Eustace? Am I not your wife?" she asked wonderingly, half smothered by the violence of the caress.

Then they went on again. A little village lay low down in the valley right before them. To the right stood a large, old-fashioned mansion, its hipped roof broken by dormer windows. A fine old place with a carved lintel over the doorway, and and air of aristocratic repose hanging about it.

"We are going there," said Eustace, with a gesture in the direction of the house.

They left the fragrant wood behind, crossed a meadow knee-deep with clover, and passed up a broad, grass-grown avenue to the door. At the first rattle of the rusty knocker a large bloodhound came bounding from his kennel, and made a savage spring at Daisy's throat.

Eustace's strong white hands caught the brute before his yellow fangs fastened in her dainty flesh. He swung the struggling creature thrice around his head, and dropped him upon the hard flags, where he rolled over once and died. Daisy grew pale, but she clung to her husband, admiring him more than ever.

At last a step sounded within the house, and the rusty bolts slipped back. An old man confronted them, his hair and beard white as snow.

"Who has killed my dog?" he began. Then his glance fell upon Eustace's calm face, and the angry question ended in a chuckle. "Eh, my lad, I might have known who was nigh. This is not the first time I have seen what those shapely white hands can do."

Eustace turned Daisy round so that the light fell full upon her lovely face.

"Look there, Rudolph Brandt. You see I have not come alone."

One glance, and the man's lips whitened, his eyes opened wild and wide. He leaned heavily against the wall and groaned.

"Eulalie!"

"No," said Eustace Dare, "not Eulalie, but her child. I have found her and brought her back to you. They lied who said she was dead. It is not too late to do her justice."

"Good God! Eulalie's daughter? Yes, it must be so."

Then his strength came back. He clasped the girl's trembling hands, gazing long and earnestly into her face. His own slowly lighted with a great joy.

"Eulalie's child should have the counterpart of this," he said, at length, drawing a locket of peculiar workmanship from his bosom.

"Here it is," Daisy said, producing that in her own possession.

They were precisely alike. There could be no doubt; and, throwing open a door near by, Rudolph Brandt led the way hastily into a large, old-fashioned apartment where cobwebs festooned the ceiling, and dust an inch deep covered the inlaid tables, the velvet furniture, and rich, old-fashioned carpet of softest pile.

"I never expected to enter this room again. It was closed when my daughter went away. It seems a most fitting place in which to welcome Eulalie's child."

And then he took Daisy in his arms, kissing her tenderly.

She glanced around like one in a bewildered dream. It was all so strange, so unexpected. But what had her life been but a series of surprises since that morning when Eustace Dare first appeared to her in the garden? The reign of the commonplace was over. Love had crowned her days—there was mystery, and—she could not tell—boundless prosperity in store, perhaps.

"You are my grandfather?" she said, a longing light in her dewy eyes. "I am so glad. I have wished for some one to love—some one in whose veins runs kindred blood."

"Can you learn to care for a broken-hearted old man, child?"

"Oh, yes!"

The house was like a tomb; an air of decay and neglect hung over it. Daisy learned afterward that it had been shut up for years, with the exception of half a dozen rooms. Rudoph Brandt had lived the life of a recluse. Now he ordered the curtains drawn back, and all the doors and windows flung wide. When the morning sunshine had taken the airless oppressiveness from the grand old rooms, he drew forward a chair and said,—

"It is all like a blessed dream. I am afraid of waking up and finding myself alone again. My sleep has been nearly as long as Rip Van Winkle's. Now, Eustace, tell me when you found this dear child, and what she is to you."

"She is my wife," said Eustace, answering the final question first.

The old man laughed, but he did not look displeased.

"Ah, my boy! you were tired of trusting to uncertainties, and waiting for a dead man's shoes? You saw a sure road to fortune open before your feet, and chose to walk therein. If you love the girl, well and good. Everybody knows I have a good million stowed away, and plenty of vultures come pecking about. This dear child will be a great heiress."

He rested his hand upon Daisy's soft hair a moment, as though trying to get used to the delight of her presence.

"I found Daisy at a farm-house, where she was treated as a menial. Uncle Brandt, it shall be your duty as well as mine to see that no harm befalls her," said Eustace.

He made an uneasy gesture.

"I understand. Yes, boy, we will take care of her together. I shall make a new will at once, and so word it that every temptation to do wrong will be taken away."

This talk was very puzzling to Daisy. It gave her a shock to learn that Eustace had known the secret of her parentage from the first. Would he have wooed a nameless child from the work-house so impetuously? It hurt like a knife to doubt, but how could she review the past few days and help it? Proud, cultured men of the world are not prone to seek ignorant country girls when they want a wife.

Eustace knew, and had never dropped even a hint. It was hard to find an excuse for such reticence.

She waited all that first day for him to speak some word of explanation. None came. He avoided all reference to the past, but went about with an alert look in his handsome eyes, like one who scents tragedy from afar, and is rallying every energy to meet the storm.

The next morning, feeling strangely nervous and restless, Daisy wandered out into the garden alone. She was met with the same mute evidences of neglect that brooded everywhere. Grass had grown over the paths, the trellises were down, the shrubs upturned, and weeds ran riot in the flower beds.

She had taken several hasty turns when a thicket stirred, and a man stepped suddenly into the path right before her. She would have screamed, but a glance showed her it was Richard Langley. He carried his left arm in a sling, and his face was pallid to ghastliness. Something in his dejected air touched her heart.

"You look very ill," she said, gently, wondering at his folly in leaving the hut and Deb's faithful ministrations.

He caught her hand, gazing wildly around.

"Are we alone? Because I have something to say. It is not a pleasant revelation to make; but the sooner you know the truth the better."

Daisy was deeply impressed by his manner. She looked at him, turning very pale.

"It is very strange that you should follow me here. But you have, and I will listen."

"Eustace Dare is a villain. I came to warn you against him."

"Take care," said Daisy, sharply. "You are speaking of my husband."

"So much the worse for you. Poor child, you don't believe me. Some day you will. Do you know why he married you?"

"For love."

"Love!" was echoed with a sneer. "You should have said for money."

"I was a mere dependent."

"With a million in prospect! Oh, Eustace did not run his head blindfolded into a noose! He knew perfectly well what he was doing. He is my cousin, but I bear him no good will on that account. Shall I tell you a fact or two? You may have heard the story before, but my version will at least give you the other side. Rudolph Brandt had a daughter—your mother—who ran away and married contrary to her father's wishes. The tyrannical old man cursed her name, and swore he would never again look upon her living face. He discharged his servants, shut himself up in this rat-box, and lived the life of a hermit. Two years went by, and Eulalie and her husband were both dead. They died within two days of each other, stricken down by an infectious fever. The rumor came that an infant child had been left behind. Uncle Brandt—he is my uncle at the second remove—had relented to a certain extent. He sent some one to investigate the report, and the man came back with the lying story that the child also had died; but he failed to bring a locket, an heirloom, that Eulalie had worn away, and the father's suspicions were aroused. He began a rigid investigation, but he could only learn that the baby had been spirited away—nobody could tell by whom or where. My father was living at the time. As Eustace Dare and I grew to manhood we made frequent attempts to ingratiate ourselves with our miserly old relative. In vain. He was scarcely civil to us, and openly declared that all his wealth should be kept intact for Eulalie's daughter, if God had spared her precious life. Now you are ready for the end of my story. Eustace learned where you were—I know not how. Here was an opportunity to gain possession of the Brandt million. He kept his secret, sought you out and made you his wife. This is the story in a nutshell. You can judge for yourself whether love or avarice was the impelling motive."

Daisy's head drooped, and she took a mental review of the circumstances connected with her too hasty marriage. Yes, it must be true—Eustace had married her for her fortune. How strange that she had not suspected a selfish motive from the first!

"Why not punish the wretch as he so richly deserves?" Richard Langley whispered, an evil glitter in his eyes. "Some way will suggest itself. I can help you, perhaps. Be watchful, and don't let him impose upon you with his tender speeches."

He would have said more, but his quick ear had caught the sound of approaching footsteps. With a last warning glance he turned and glided into the shrubbery.

It was Eustace himself who came swiftly down the path. The anxious look left his face as he saw her, and hurriedly approaching, he slid his arm about her waist.

"I missed you, dear, and came in search of you. Don't come out here again alone."

"Why not?" she asked, coldly releasing herself.

"Because it is unsafe."

"What can harm me?"

"You have an enemy of whom you do not dream. I did not wish to tell you this, but it may be better that you should know, and be on your guard. You remember the wounded stranger we left in old Deb's hut?"

"Yes."

"That man is my cousin, Richard Langley. He has long coveted the fortune of my Uncle Rudolph. Until you were found, he and I were the nearest known heirs. He is jealous and vindictive. He has sworn that the Brandt million shall never come into my possession. I fear he will transfer his hatred to you, my darling, and work you personal harm."

The young man's voice was husky, his face grave and sad with foreboding. Poor, foolish Daisy! An hour earlier she would have clung to him in a tempest of sobs and tears. But with Richard Langley's words still ringing in her ears, she fancied he was playing upon her fears, and closed her heart against him.

"I am not afraid. There can be no real danger," she said, turning away.

Eustace followed, pale with pain and excitement.

"What is it, Daisy? Why do you treat me so coldly? What have I done to offend you?"

She made an evasive answer, and passing on swiftly entered the house. He should not know how sorely pride and love had been wounded.

That afternoon Mr. Quill, the family solicitor, was summoned in hot haste.

"I am going to make my will," Mr. Brandt said, turning upon Daisy one of his rare smiles, full of loving tenderness. "Delays are dangerous, and now you are restored to me, why should I lose an hour in setting my affairs in order? I shall leave everything to you, my dear."

Daisy heard the will read when it had been duly signed and witnessed. One clause startled her. In the event of her death Eustace was to inherit everything; and if he died without heirs, the money was to endow a charity. In no event was Richard Langley to receive more than fifty dollars with which to buy a mourning ring.

"What a strange provision!" she exclaimed, half bitterly, thinking her husband had prejudiced Mr. Brandt's mind against his cousin.

"A wise one," the old man answered, in a musing tone.

The night was very close and sultry. Unable to sleep, Daisy sat at the open window of her dressing-room, alone in the darkness. Bitter thoughts came crowding upon her mind. She almost hated the wealth that had so suddenly fallen to her possession.

"I was happier without it," she murmured, thinking of the blissful days that had followed her flight. Then there were no obtruding doubts—ignorant of the very existence of the Brandt fortune, she had felt sure of her husband's love.

Did something stir in the garden below? She listened a moment, but not even a leaf rustled; and her thoughts flowed back into the old channel again.

Suddenly a shrill, unearthly cry echoed through the house. Daisy sprang up quivering with fright and horror. The cry was "Murder!" All life seemed to leave her as she took in the dreadful significance of the word. For some moments she stood rooted to the spot.

"The sound came from my grandfather's room," she thought, suddenly, and all her strength came back. She had only to descend the corridor a short distance to reach his door. It stood wide open when she got there, and a lamp was burning in the room. She stood on the threshold, transfixed with horror at the sight which met her gaze.

Upon a couch in one corner of the apartment lay the stark, still form of Rudolph Brandt; and stooping over him, in the very act of drawing a bloodstained dagger from his breast, she saw Eustace Dare.

He flung down the weapon at the sound of her footsteps, and confronted her, his face awfully white in the flickering lamplight.

"Go back, Daisy," he said, in a husky whisper. "This is no place for you. Murder has been done. Poor Uncle Brandt is dead."

The terrified girl felt a sickening sensation and, shutting her eyes, sank into the nearest chair.

She was lying on the couch in her own room, with the morning sunlight streaming in at the open window, when she came to a knowledge of external things. She arose, stiff and bewildered, and thrusting aside the weeping woman-servant who sat beside the bed, staggered out the half-open door.

Mr. Quill was pacing the corridor, his face very pale. Ever and anon he turned a shuddering look in the direction of the closed room not far away. Daisy tottered forward and dropped her trembling hand upon his arm.

"This is dreadful—too dreadful!" she hoarsely breathed.

He was not a man much given to displays of sympathy, but as he looked into her young white horror-stricken face his gray eyes filled with tears.

"You know all, poor child? The worst?"

She returned his gaze, a sudden fear freezing the blood around her heart.

"My husband! Where is he?"

"They have taken him away—to the county jail."

No need to ask upon what charge. Daisy gave a gasp and leaned heavily against the wall. After a momentary struggle, she asked quite calmly.—

"What is the nature of the evidence against him?"

"Circumstantial, of course. It is generally understood that a will was drawn up yesterday. Being in your favor, the wife of the accused, it furnishes a motive for the deed. One of the servants reached the scene of the tragedy just as you fell in a fainting fit. He saw Eustace turn away from the couch; and afterward picked up the fatal dagger from the floor. It bore Eustace's name upon the handle."

"My God! O my God!"

A mist rose before her eyes again. She dropped down upon the floor, and lay for some moments with her face buried in her hands.

Had it come to this, that Eustace could dip his hands into human blood merely to hasten the time when the Brandt million should come under his control? She felt as if she were going mad.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, springing to her feet again. "Impossible! My husband could never have committed so foul a crime."

All the old love and trust came back, flooding her soul. The very blackness of the charge made her doubt its justice. While she stood there, a messenger entered with a folded strip of paper that contained these words:—

"Let the world think what it will; you my darling wife, must never for one moment doubt my innocence."

That was all. Daisy burst into tears and kissed over and over again her husband's name, which was signed to the note.

"I never will," she said.

Later there came a peal at the rusty knocker, and Richard Langley was shown into the library where Daisy sat with Mr. Quill and several of the coroner's jury. His haggard face still showed the effects of the accident that had befallen him that wild, tempestuous night. But his dark eyes burned with a strange, intense glitter.

"I set out the instant I heard of my great-uncle's tragic death," he said abruptly, coming down the long room and seating himself in the midst of the group there assembled. "It does not surprise me that Eustace has stooped to a shocking crime. Of course he expected to profit by it. As an interested party, I have a right to inquire how Rudolph Brandt's immense wealth has been left."

"Certainly," the lawyer replied. "A will was duly executed yesterday in favor of my client's granddaughter."

The new-comer glanced at Daisy, and his white face and burning eyes held her gaze like a magnet.

"Indeed. Perhaps you will be good enough to let me see it."

"Of course."

The lawyer rose and unlocked the ebony cabinet casket at his elbow. After fumbling a moment among the papers in one of the drawers he uttered a cry of dismay.

"I placed the will in this cabinet last night, but it is missing."

Richard's low, chuckling laugh seemed to fill the room.

"My uncle may have repented, and destroyed the document after you left him. I notice burnt paper in the grate."

Mr. Quill crossed the room, turning aside as he picked up a fragment that had been left unconsumed.

"Yes," he said huskily, "the will has been destroyed."

"Then," said Richard, "the last one still in existence will be in force. That, I believe, was drawn up five years ago, and was in my favor, Mr. Quill."

The lawyer bit his lips.

"I will make thorough search and see what can be found," he said.

"Ay, do," remarked Richard, with his sardonic smile.

Mr. Quill began his search in the lower drawer of the cabinet, and his face lighted up with satisfaction as he glanced at the date of a document therein.

"My late client had a passion for will-making," he said. "This is one I drew up at his dictation six months ago. At the time he had given up all hope of ever learning the fate of his daughter's lost child."

He cleared his throat and began to read aloud. It is only necessary to say of this document that it cut Richard off with a shilling, and gave everything to Eustace Dare.

Richard sprang up with an insane laugh, and began to caper about the room before the reading was concluded.

"It is like a farce," he cried. "First Daisy, then myself, then Eustace! But that wretch shall shall never have the handling of a single dollar. How I hate him! May he rot in prison, and the rats pick his bones!"

Daisy shuddered.

"Of course it is all clear to you now," he added in an intense whisper, as he paused before her. "Your husband murdered Uncle Brandt and destroyed the will in your favor, that he might inherit everything and cast you off. The whole scene rises before my mental vision. I see him stealing like a thief into the house. He has a duplicate key to the cabinet, and his first act is to destroy the will. He finds a dagger in the cabinet, and clutching it in one hand, glides up the staircase to the room above where the old man lies. One swift, determined blow—a cry of 'murder!' echoes upon the still night air. I warned you against that wretch. You remember? We will outwit the cunning devil yet. When the hangman's noose is about his neck you shall be my bride, and we will share this fortune together. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing. We shall be rich, rich, rich, rolling in money! I have paid a dear price for it—dipped my hands in blood—"

He stopped short, a frightened expression showing through the pallor of his face. He seemed to vaguely realize the damaging admission he had made. Glancing slowly around the room, he must have read his fate in the shrinking eyes that met his own, for he made a sudden dash for the door.

Concluded on fourth page.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - FEB. 24, 1888.

MEETING OF DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

The members of the Democratic County Committee are requested to meet in Armory Hall Building, opposite the Court House at Ebensburg, Pa., on Monday, March 12th 1888, at half past 1 o,clock P. M. for the purpose of electing five Delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Harrisburg, Pa., on May 31st 1888, and transacting such other business as may be necessary.

JAMES M. WALTERS;
Chairman.

Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 22, 1888.

THE fact that Governor Beaver and his Attorney General, says the Republican Pittsburg *Dispatch* do not consider it necessary to make any very strong efforts for forcing railroad and telegraphic corporations to obey the Constitution, is beginning to provoke the inquiry with regard to the Governor's motto in his inaugural address, "Yours for service," whose service he referred to.

THE outrageous prosecutions and foreordained conviction and imprisonment of the Irish leaders, including many priests, go on with redoubled vigor, with longer sentences and the prison treatment more brutal. How the Irish people with such provocation have been able to restrain their fighting proclivities instead of rushing into organized rebellion, is one of the wonders of the age. Surely a brighter and a better day will soon dawn upon her. It is best that her brave and generous sons should patiently bear their present ills than fly to others that they know not of.

THE account of the havoc wrought by the terrible clyclone that visited Mount Vernon, Ill, on last Sunday afternoon, which is published in another part of our paper, will be read with a feeling of deep and profound sorrow. The town, which is situate about seventy miles east of St Louis, contained about three thousand inhabitants and almost in an instant 300 residences and places of business were destroyed, from 1200 to 1500 people rendered houseless, about 30 killed and over 150 wounded. Seldom, if ever, has there been so sudden and swift an exhibition of the irresistible forces of nature against which man is utterly powerless.

THE striking miners of the Reading Coal and Iron Company resumed work on Monday last under an agreement made by President Corbin and Master Workman Lewis, the latter representing the strikers. It was feared on Monday evening that the strike would be renewed, owing to a belief among some of the miners that the Company was violating the agreement by refusing to take back at some of the collieries certain men who had gone on the strike, but all difficulty on that score has since been removed. In pursuance of the agreement a conference between the Superintendent of the Company and the miners will be held on next Thursday, to settle the question of wages. With that question settled all the trouble will be finally ended.

"JOE" MANLEY, Chairman of the Republican Committee in Maine and Blaine's mouthpiece in that State, has no difficulty in interpreting his letter of declination to mean that he (Blaine) is just as much a candidate as he was before it was written. In an interview with a *World* correspondent after the letter was published, he said:

"Mr. Blaine's letter," he said, with deliberation, "it" is not to be considered final He does not decline the nomintion or say that he will refuse to head the ticket. It means that Mr. Bliane will not have his name presented to the convention as an aspirant for the honor. If the convention gets up and demands that he take it he will do so. Mr. Blaine has made himself a public man, and as such owes the public something. He has no right to say that he will not assume a trust that the party demands him to take. If it is thought that Mr. Blaine is the man needed to win the fight he will have to take it, and he will win."

Chairman "Tom" Cooper, of this State, says *ditto* to Manley. When these two political trimmers take the same view of the letter and the bulk of the Republicans regard it in an entirely different light, there seems to be a vast amount of truth in the saying of a celebrated French diplomatist that "language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts."

SINCE the publication last week of Blaine's letter withdrawing from the Presidential contest two other candidates have taken themselves out of the race, and the emphatic way in which they have done so leaves no doubt about their sincerity, which cannot yet be said of Blaine's manifesto. George W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*, who had a very decided following among the leading Republicans of Philadelphia, declared in his paper of Friday last that he "would be compelled to decline the office, honorable and exalted as it is, if by any chance in the chapter of unforeseen accidents, he should happen to be elected." General Sheridan, whose Presidential boom was becoming somewhat formidable, declared in Washington a few days ago that he would not under any circumstances accept a nomination for the Presidency, should it be tendered him. "Nothing," he said, "could induce me to leave the profession in which nearly forty years of my life have been spent, to enter upon a civil career." In this connection it may also be stated that Dr. McGlynn, the business member of the late firm of George & McGlynn, engaged in the anti-Poverty business in New York, stated the other day to a reporter of the *World* that it was the sheerest nonsense to talk about him as the anti Poverty candidate for President-that he didn't want it and wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole. This is not important, however, as the McGlynn boom was "such a little one."

THE result of the special election in Michigan on last Tuesday week to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman, S. C. Moffat, Republican, has fallen upon that party with the same surprise that is caused by a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. The district has been one of the Republican strong holds in the State and four years ago when the Republicans at the Chicago Convention declared themselves in favor of a revision of the tariff and reducing the surplus in the treasury, Moffat was elected by a majority of 7,475. At the next election in 1886, the Republicans in Congress having in the meantime practically abandoned all pretext in favor of tariff revision, Moffatt's majority was reduced to 2,243. At the recent special election Seymour was the Republican candidate and Breen was his Democratic opponent. Both parties and their respective candidates made an active and thorough canvass and although the official result has not, yet been declared, it is admitted on all hands that if Seymour is elected at all, which Breen's friends do not admit, it is by so small a majority as to render it merely nominal. Breen planted himself squarely on the views of Mr. Cleveland as set forth in his message in opposition to the taxation of the necessaries of life and in favor of the free admission of the raw materials of our varied industries, and on that issue he has wiped out more than *seven* thousand of the Republican majority in the district a little over three years ago. It is simply the forerunner of what will take place next November all through the North-west if the Republicans continue to denounce a moderate and judicious re-adjustment of the present high tariff rates as "Democratic free trade."

THE number of Republican candidates for President in the field up to a few days ago was eighteen, without any "favorite son" of Pennsylvania on the list, when a nineteenth aspirant appeared in the person of that eminent Christian statesman, Governor James A. Beaver. We had been anticipating the advent of Hartranft who through the management of Don Cameron at the Cincinnati Convention in 1876 defeated Blaine. But neither Hartranft nor his friends have made any sign, thus leaving Beaver without a competitor. A correspondent from the central part of this State writing to the New York *World* outlines the Governor's plan of campaign as follows:

The present program is that Judge Kirkpatrick, the attorney general, is to be selected a delegate from the Northampton district, Pierson, the governor's private secretary, is to be a delegate from the Mercer district; Adjutant General Hastings is to report from the Centre district, and Stone, of Warren, promises to take care of that section. Governor Beaver expects to be made one of the delegates-at-large through the aid of his friends. He also expects to be made chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation.

He believes there will come a crisis in the Chicago convention when he may be mentioned with a hurrah, as General Garfield was eight years ago. In the event of his nomination, Senator Cooper is to be made chairman of the National committee and to be provided for under the National Administration if the ticket should be elected. In the event of the election of General Beaver to the Presidency, Lieutenant Governor Davies will become Governor for the remainder of the term.

Beaver is a great man in his own estimation, and if he is nominated and elected it will go hard with the old Keystone State to part with him.

THE attitude of both political parties in Congress in regard to the admission of the Territories of Dakota, Montana, Washington and New Mexico as States in time to vote for President this year, is accurately and intelligently set forth in the following article from the Philadelphia *Times* of Monday last. That paper says:

The House committee on Territories has decided to recommend the admission of Dakota, Montana, New Mexico and Washington Territories as States, which means, in plain English, that no new States will be admitted by the present Congress in time to vote for President this year.

The Republicans want Dakota admitted, chiefly because it is strongly Republican, and they want its Electorial vote for President. The Democrats don't want Dakota admitted, and instead of voting it down, they couple it with the two Democratic Territories of Montana and New Mexico and the doubtful Territory of Washington.

The Republicans don't want Montana, New Mexico or Washington admitted any more than the Democrats want Dakota, and as the Democrats are likely to stand for all or none, the Republicans will accept none. Both sides are so nervous about the national battle of 1888, that they won't take any new chances and that settles the question of new States for the present.

Common sense would say that we ought to have a higher standard of statesmanship to decide the question of the creation of a sovereign Commonwealth, but we haven't, and that ends it; and that's about all that need be said about the admission of new States this year.

THE Blair Educational Bill passed the Senate near the close of last week by a vote of 39 for to 29 against. The majority for the bill now is *ten*, whereas at the last session it was *twenty-five*. The bill was supported by 23 Republicans and 16 Democrats, while 12 Republicans and 17 Democrats voted against it. Blair made the closing speech in favor of the bill, being about the fifteenth time he addressed the Senate on his favorite hobby, and as to the attitude of the Catholic Church toward it, he contended that the followers of that faith in the main favored it, although the Jesuits were opposed to it. He called certain newspapers which had opposed the bill "Jesuitical organs," and worked himself up to a high degree of excitement. We don't suppose that a crank like Blair knows anything about what, if anything, the Jesuits have been doing in regard to the passage of his mischievous bill, but he could not have paid them a higher or more enduring compliment than his declaration that they were opposed to it in all its shapes and forms. When the bill was taken over to the House it was referred to the Committee on Education where, it is believed, it will quietly sleep during the remainder of the session. If, however, it should perchance pass that body Cleveland will strangle the life out of it with his veto, and the friends of the common school system everywhere will applaud him for the act.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

Sweep Through an Illinois Town, Leaving Many Mourners.

MT. VERNON, ILL., February 19.—This city was visited by a terrible cyclone to-day about 4:45 o'clock. It had been thundering and raining for some time, when suddenly a low rumbling noise was heard, and a black, dense cloud that seemed to touch the earth swept over the city, and it became very dark. As soon as the cloud passed the sky brightened and people realized the shock and loss they had sustained. Hundreds of houses were blown down and many people were crushed in the ruins.

It is impossible to estimate the loss, at this time. At least half of the town is in ruins. The south and east parts of the square are completely destroyed. The large building known as the Crows block, now owned by J. C. Murray, was entirely demolished and caught fire in a short time, and is now rapidly burning. The M. E. Church is almost a mass of rock, the roof being entirely gone, while the lower part is badly damaged. The Baptist Church is also a wreck, and beyond all hope of repair.

The east end of the public schoolhouse is a sad sight. The once mammoth building is now razed to the ground, and a heap of bricks and stones are all that remains to tell the story. Hundreds of houses are heaps of ruins, and the city in the cyclone-visited district presents a scene of the most horrible devastation and ruin.

The town is about two miles long, east and west, and the course of the cyclone took in about two-thirds of the east end, the western portion of the town escaping. It is impossible to begin to estimate the number of houses destroyed, but the number will run away up into the hundreds. The larger portion of the business part of the town, known as The Square, is totally destroyed. Out of a row of buildings about 200 yards long there are none that are not more or less injured, while most of them are entirely consumed, or will be, for the fire is raging now in that street, and unless help soon arrives all will be lost. These are all business houses, and the goods are entirely destroyed.

The eastside of the square presents even a more ghastly appearance, for nothing is left here. This side is also occupied as business houses, and nothing is saved here, not a single building being left on this row. The northside is badly damaged, but the wreck here is very light compared to that on the east and southsides. The Old Fellows' building is the worst damaged on this side, but none of the buildings escaped, all being more or less injured. The west escaped more lightly than any, but the buildings here are also in a sad state, being considerably shaken up.

The damage to the business part of the town is so great that it is completely ruined. The general appearance of the town is horrible, and it looks as if an earthquake had visited it. It is impossible to convey any idea of how it really looks, and people who have not seen it can form no idea of its horror. The County Court House is one of the most complete wrecks in the city. It is a two story building, and stood in the center of the square, but being directly in the path of the cyclone, is now utterly demolished. It was a very expensive building, and was an ornament to the city. It will have to be entirely rebuilt. There is no alarm felt in regard to the records, as they are easily accessible, and unless a fire should spring up in the ruins, they are perfectly safe. At this writing the fire is dying out, after a stubborn conflict with men who have risked their lives to extinguish it.

All of the largest and best buildings seem to have suffered the most. The Commercial hotel is almost completely ruined, but none of the guests or others were injured, as far as known. The damage to property is variously estimated from $500,000 to $1,000,000. It is not known what damage has been sustained in the country, as no news has been brought in. It will be several days before it will be possible to tell what the damage really is, but East Main street, for a quarter of a mile, hardly a house is left standing, and as near as can be ascertained this is the case all over the city, from near the center to the east end. On all sides ruin stares one in the face. The loss of life is appalling, and is variously estimated at from 15 to 30. In the destruction of the Crows' building, it is surprising many were not killed, as the upper story is occupied as a boarding house. J. C. Murray, the owner of the building perished in the ruins, and although diligent efforts were made to save him, it was impossible.

Sherman vs. Sherman.

The withdrawal of Mr. Blaine no doubt encourages the supporters of Senator Sherman for the Presidential nomination. But it is not very likely that the Republican party will nominate a man with so much of a record, and so inconsistent and twisted a record, as John Sherman has made during his long public career.

Take the revenue question for example. The sufficient answer to Senator Sherman's arguments against tariff reform, and his roundabout advocacy of a repeal of the internal taxes on whiskey and tobacco, was cited by Senator Kenna from Mr. Sherman's own speeches made less than six years ago.

Of the internal taxes Senator Sherman then said:

These taxes ought to be left as a part of our permanent system of taxation as long as any other taxes, internal or external, more oppressive, remain on the statue books.

Of the special tax which the high-tariff men would abolish to save their bounties Mr. Sherman then said:

This tobacco tax, of all others, is the easiest collected, the most certain, increasing constantly from year to year, dependent upon an appetite that will be indulged, no matter what may be the tax—a tax that has been more stable than any other. No amount of tax likely to be put upon tobacco will prevent it being chewed and smoked and snuffed. In all other countries where taxation prevails this is a favorite subject of taxation. * * * *I say the tax on tobacco does not diminish the price to the farmer who raises it.* * * * *And I say we are throwing off a tax which, by the judgement of all nations, is the best source of taxation.*

Referring to the necessity of tax reduction, which was less imperative in 1882 than it now is, Senator Sherman declared:

There is no sentiment in this country stronger now than that Congress has neglected its duty thus far in not repealing taxes that are obnoxious to the people and unnecessary for public use; and if we should still neglect that duty we should be properly held responsible by our own constituents. Now, sir, for one, I am determined that this sin shall not lay at my door.

Anticipating the raising of the "Free-Trade" cry, in which he now joins, the Ohio Senator truly said:

It is, therefore, *simply an absurdity to talk now about a free-trade tariff* and to talk about a protective tariff is *unnecessary*, because the wit of man could not possibly frame a tariff that would produce $140,000,000 in gold *without amply protecting our domestic industry.*

The present tariff produced last year $217,000,000 in gold—$77,000,000 more than Senator Sherman said six years ago was ample for protection, and an equal amount more than the Government now needs as revenue.

The appeal from Sherman bedevilled by the buzzing of the Presidential bee to Sherman the clear-headed legislator leaves no other reply necessary to his present catch-vote utterances.—*N. Y. World.*

THE first woman doctor in Mexico has lately had a bull fight given in her honor.

The Strike Investigation.

As a rule, Congressional investigations do not bring in such a profitable return of information as to encourage their promoters. The flagrant misconduct of the Reading corporation is much more a State than a Federal affair. For years the authority of the State has been set at naught and its laws have been systematically defied. The injury inflicted upon the consumers of coal by the late unnecessary strikes has been mainly borne by Pennsylvania consumers, and there is no doubt that the State authority should be exerted for the protection of the public interest. Congressional investigation should have been confined to the disturbance of inter state traffic. The Federal law prohibits unreasonable charges. The Reading charges are unreasonable. The Federal law prohibits discriminations for like service and discrimination in favor of a particular traffic. The Reading Company discriminates between its Philadelphia and its coastwise trade for a like service and between New Jersey and New England. The Congressional Committee investigating the strikes would have done well to have kept these particular offenses in view, because Congress is armed with power to correct them.

But we cannot join our esteemed contemporaries in this city and New York in the furious onslaught made against the investigating committee because of the manner of its dealing with Mr. President Corbin. To the great majority of the people of the United States the abject condition of the State of Pennsylvania in its relation to its great carrying corporations is a matter of profound surprise. They cannot comprehend how the creature should so far dominate its creator. They are astounded that corporations chartered to subserve ends of public benefit should be turned into engines of oppression for the many and of benefit for the few. A millionaire railroad President is not generally esteemed in all parts of the country as anything more than the servant of a public servant, with one vote, who owes proper respect to constituted authority, and whose management of a great railroad is deemed a public and not a private affair. This condition of the outside public mind may be pleaded in behalf of the members of the committee, who have been anxious to inquire into Reading affairs. Our zealous contemporaries should not deal too harshly with Mr. Corbin's inquisitors. That suffering gentleman, considering his deserts, got off very easily.—*Phil'a Record.*

Over Three and a half Million dollars.

It is estimated that the strike cost the railroad men miners, iron-workers, consumers and Reading Company together over three and a half million dollars, which is a dead loss. There is not a feature that affords the slightest compensation, without it is the value of the experience. Considering how strike after strike has begun and ended in about the same way, it is to be questioned whether this kind of experience amounts to anything.

Apparently it is only a question of time when another strike, perhaps of equal magnitude, will be proclaimed under, similar circumstances. Strikes, like epidemics, that carry off their victims by the score, are liable to come and go regardless of consequences. As a rule strikes fail, the exceptions being just sufficient to prove the rule. The cost of the one we are considering was not out of proportion to other strikes. Twelve or fifteen millions of dollars, it is estimated, would not more than cover the cost of strikes within as many months. Why an abatement of this kind of experience may not be reasonably looked for is about the strangest thing in the world. Perhaps the change will be without premonition, and after all is near at hand. Let us hope so at least.—*Pittsburg Times.*

THE parliamentary election in Southwark, one of the London boroughs which resulted so gloriously for the Gladstonians, is accepted as the most important electoral result since the general election of 1886. Southwark is one of the poorest and most densely crowded quarters of London on the Surrey side of the Thames, and in 1886 it was only held from the Tory landslide which swept away the most of the South London boroughs by the slender majority of 113. The Tories gain this year nine votes. The Liberals gain 1,072. It is by long odds the most important of the by-elections, chiefly because it shows the working of the leaven in the very heart of the metropolis, which has been the central stronghold of opposition to Gladstone. Its effects will be felt in many ways, and especially in booming radicalism inside the Liberal party. Southwark's victory is really the triumph of the Democratic wing of the party, and as much a protest against police dictation in London as police tyranny in Ireland.—*Pittsburg Post.*

THE Philadelphia *Record* of Tuesday last says: It was reported from the Schuylkill coal region last evening that the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company's officials had discharged and suspended a large number of returning employes, in violation of Mr. Corbin's pledge not to discriminate against the men because of their connection with the strike. Possibly these reports were unfounded or partial. The company should keep its contracts. It cannot afford to trifle with its own interests. But, above and beyond the interests of either the company or its employes, the vast interests of the industries of Eastern Pennsylvania must not be ignored. The consuming classes will not much longer allow themselves to be made the sport of designing speculators or hot-headed agitators. Mr. Corbin must not seek to wreak his vengeance at the public expense.

THE farmers of Minnesota, without distinction of party, understand what hurts them. Among the resolutions adopted at the recent meeting of the State Farmers' Alliance in St. Paul was the following, which we commend to the attention of all whom it may concern:

We demand the revision of the present iniquitous tariff and ask our Minnesota delegates in Washington to use their utmost endeavors to have placed upon the free list lumber, iron, salt, wool, coal, and all articles for which "trusts" have been or may hereafter be formed, as the producers of the Northwest are forced to sell their products in competition with the producers of the Old World. They ask also to be allowed to purchase in the cheapest markets without paying this no longer necessary tribute to our own Government.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it. Trial bottles free at E. James' drug store, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer's store, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The difference in time between London and New York is five hours, London being ahead.

—During the year 1887 eleven and a half tons of postage stamps—nearly one hundred and seventy million—were sold at the New York post office.

—The losses by fire in the United States during the year 1887 are estimated at $130,000,000, being about $15,000,000 more than during the previous year.

—Several illicit stills in Clay and Randolph counties, Alabama, with about 20,000 gallons of beer and mash, have been captured and destroyed by revenue officers within a few days. Six of the distillers were arrested.

—Frank Fallon, of Fond du Lac, Wis., saved his life during the recent blizzard in Dakota by taking refuge in a pigpen. He passed the night with a fat porker resting on his feet and one on each side of him and escaped without a frost bite.

—Miss Nina Van Zandt, the bride by proxy of the Anarchist Spies, it is said, will shortly appear in a tragedy written by herself, which skakes up capital and Anarchy, winding up by the heroine taking poison and dying in the court room.

—Petroleum statistics show that 53,000 wells have been drilled in Pennsylvania and New York since the discovery of petroleum, at a cost of $200,000,000. Those wells have produced 310,000,000 barrels of oil, which were sold at the wells for $500,000,000.

—Montana coyotes are pretty smart, if reports be true. It is said that they drive cattle onto the track of the Montana Union Railroad just ahead of a train, and when the locomotive has done its deadly work the coyotes send up a thankful howl and proceed to dine.

—Miss Georgia Troup, aged between 12 and 13 years, residing with her parents in West Bridgewater, Beaver county, this State, on Saturday evening ate about three pints of peanuts and grew deathly sick shortly after. Her condition has been very critical since and her recovery is considered doubtful.

—During the late snow storm in Maine, the house and barn of Joshua Allen were buried in the drifts up to the eaves. For two days he melted snow for his horse and cow, and then dug through a 15 foot snow-drift to reach his well. Mr. Allen is a cousin of the late "Campmeeting John" Allen, and is 88 years old.

—There is a dog in Cambridge, Mass., which has been taught to count. It is said that when ordered by his master to pick up any number of sticks less than 10 the dog never fails to select the exact number and lay them before the owner. A bet of $50 has been made that the intelligent animal will not make a single mistake in 50 trials.

—Two farmers who live near Tuscola, Ill., went to law three years ago over the ownership of a pig worth $3. The case went from the County Court to the Circuit Court, and it has just been decided that one of the litigants should pay for the pig and the other pay costs. Altogether, in costs, attorneys' fees, etc., the pig cost the two men $1,250.

—An unusually large amount of snow has fallen in the north of England. Railroad traffic is seriously delayed. A number of trains are snowed up, and much discomfort has been experienced by passengers. Farmsteads and thousands of sheep are buried in the snow. A few persons have died from exposure. The storm is general throughout the country.

—A Maryland farmer was driven to suicide on last Friday in consequence of having been swindled by some grain sharpers, who sold him wheat at ten dollars per bushel, agreeing to buy his crop in return at a higher price. So often and so thoroughly has this swindle been ventilated that it seems almost incredible that any new victims should be found at this late day.

—Horace Greeley's birthplace is to be sold for taxes. It is a little, low studded farm house, with small windows and low-pitched roof, situated in the town of Amherst, N. H. There Greeley was born February 3, 1811. With the 129 acres of land about it, the house now belongs to Fred Colton. Next Saturday the farm will be sold at public auction for taxes amounting to $2,052.

—Ale was the sole title of malt liquor until the reign of Henry VIII, up to which time the employment of hops as an ingredient in the beverage was unknown in England. In the year 1524, or thereabouts, the use of hops was introduced from Germany, and to distinguish the new kind of malt liquor from the old the German name bier was adopted, and, with an infinitesimal change of spelling, became part of our language.

—Black Cornet, better known as Captain Dick, the desperado and leader of the notorious Texas train robbers, was shot and killed last week while resisting arrest by Sheriff Allee, of Trio county, Texas, eighteen miles west of Pearsall station. This band of robbers has stolen about sixty-five thousand dollars cash from trains, besides other property. Other members of the gang are being ferretted out by the officers and no doubt all will be secured or killed.

—A correspondent from Omaha wants to know how it is that the great flocks of crows that pass over that place do not freeze during the severe weather. He says here and there one comes upon a frozen bird, a black tuft in the white snow, in the track of the blizzard, like a mourning badge, but countless flocks of cawing crows still come with the day from the east, and sweep away at night in black columns as if Nebraska winters had no terrors for them. The question is, how do these birds manage to keep alive at all?

—Joel Wilcox, an eccentric pioneer resident of Milwaukee, who died recently, was very fond of animals, and was especially attached to his horses. At the approach of the winter he said to a nephew, who owns a farm near Milwaukee: "Jim, take my horses out to your place and take good care of them over winter. If I die, shoot them when spring comes and give them decent burial. I don't want to have them abused." He died before spring, and, in accordance with his wish, his pet steeds were shot and buried.

—Deaf Bull, a sub chief among the Crow Indians, who was captured with seven others by Gen. Ruger last fall, made an attack on his fellow captives with a big knife yesterday week in the garrison prison. Sentinels, hearing the yells of the Indians, entered and overpowered the vicious chief, but several of the braves had then received slashes from the knife and two of them, Crazy Head and Man who-looks-with-his-ears, will probably die from their wounds. Their throats were cut and they also received other severe stab wounds.

—An old Plymouth Rock hen that had been for ten years the pet of a lady in Norwich, Conn., died recently. She weighed fourteen pounds, but was appreciated chiefly on account of her intelligence. She knew when it was meal time as well as a regular boarder, and came regularly for her food, calling for her meat once a day. Of a brood of forty she was the hen altogether lovely. She always wanted a chat with her mistress daily, and when she was not feeling well would tease to be held in her lap and rocked by pulling her mistress' apron.

A WORD TO ALL.

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—The Appellate Court in Chicago on Thursday of last week handed down its decision in the "boodle" cases. Both cases were affirmed. One was the case of Edward S. McDonald, formerly engineer of the County Hospital, and the other what is known as the omnibus case, in which twelve defendants, eleven of whom were County or ex-County Commissioners, were put on trial. The jury convicted and fixed the punishment of four at a fine of $1,000 each, and for those remaining two years' imprisonment. Counsel obtained a stay of execution until March 9th for all the defendants.

—A convict in Stillwater, Minnesota, known as Dr. August Towsky, has been identified as John A. G. Fawtoski, who, it is said, six years ago, while a resident of Chicago, took out policies upon his life to the amount of $8,500, and suddenly disappeared, his wife showing a note from him stating that he was about to drown himself. Part of his clothes were found upon one of the Lake piers. His wife brought a successful action to recover a judgment for the amount of his life insurance. After leaving Chicago he married another woman, and was sent to the penitentiary for attempting to murder her because she refused to set in collusion with him to defraud an insurance company.

Bravery Worthy a Soldier.

FINDLAY, O., February 16.—There died in this city, this morning, a man who in his life displayed in a more eminent degree that peculiar heroism of which poets sing, than was ever attained by the immortal *Enoch Arden.* His name was Dr. D. May and prior to the War of the Rebellion he was a resident of Fairfield county, this State, where he lived happily with his wife and two children until Lincoln called for men to put down the rebellion, when he responded to his country's call and went to the front.

At the battle of Stone river he was taken prisoner and was sent to Andersonville, from where reports soon afterward came, announcing his death from exposure and starvation, and his family mourned him as dead. His wife, believing these reports, and hearing nothing from him, married again, and to all concerned, May was but a blessed memory. He was not dead, however, and at the close of the war was exchanged, and at once started for the North to rejoin his family.

When he reached Columbus he accidentally heard that he was considered dead, and that his wife was living pleasantly with a second husband, who was treating her and the children well. Here is where May displayed true heroism. Without proceeding further on his way, or making himself known, he bought a ticket for the far West, where he remarried for 15 years, his wife, in the meantime, dying without knowing that her first husband had not died at Andersonville, but still survived her.

Upon the death of his wife May returned to Ohio and made himself known to his children, one of whom, a daughter, now living near Tiffin, was with him throughout his last illness. Dr. May was well known throughout Ohio, as a vender of Indian medicines, and had many friends, to whom this story of his life will be a great surprise.

Trade in Ginseng.

Ginseng is altogether an article of export. There is a small amount consumed in this country, it is true, and nearly every drug store has it in stock, but the demand from abroad regulates the high price. Green ginseng brings from 40 cents per pound spring dug to 60 cents per pound fall dug. It is gathered up by buyers, who sell it to the large exporters. The biggest ginseng houses are in Cincinnati and Baltimore. The wholesale drug houses of Chicago handle some ginseng that they receive from the country drug stores of the Northwest with which they trade. The wholesale price of the dry root is from $1.75 to $2.25 per pound, according to the quality. The annual production of the United States is about four hundred thousand pounds and amounts to $1,000,000. In China the profits must be enormous. Beside the high price paid for it ordinarily a root in which a fanciful imagination can trace a man's shape will sell for $300 or $500—easily for its weight in gold.

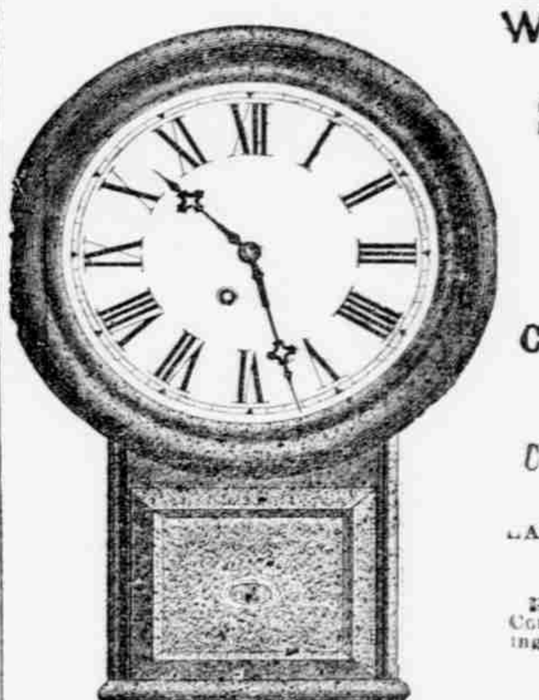
In the Celestial Empire ginseng has been in use for hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years. Its value, wholly fictitious, is clearly, firmly established. The demand is firm, steady and increasing. The supply of the wild plant cannot hold out long. The spring digging of ginseng, practiced for years, is rapidly depleting ginseng in the United States. Ultimately—and soon—it will be exhausted. Its cultivation will doubtless be speedily undertaken. The cultivated root, it is said, is not as valuable as that which grows wild. Nevertheless, men who have handled it are agreed that it is worth trying to raise here as it is abroad.

Our present annual production is about four hundred thousand pounds, which is obtained from a great number of States. Much comes from the mountains of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, a little from North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, and the States of the Northwest furnish the rest.

Remarkable Rescues by St. Bernard Dogs.

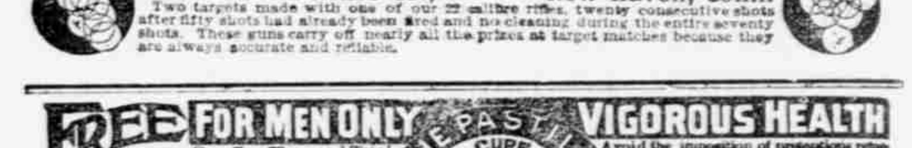
It is only within the last few days that particulars have been published in the Swiss papers of a brave rescue effected on Mont St. Bernard on the night of the last Sunday in November. While a violent snow storm was in progress, Grand, the manager of the hospice, noticed that his own special dog that was alone with him in his room became very restless, and made signs to him to go out. He took the lantern and fog horn and went out on the mountain, the dog leading him. In a very short time he heard a call and groaning, and, helped by the dog, dug out of the snow an Italian, whom he carried on his back into the hospice. The rescued man stated that his father, two brothers, and another Italian, all journeying home with him over the pass, lay buried in the snow. He had pushed on to obtain help, but had been overpowered by the storm. Grand made ready and went out again. This second search was more tedious and led him further away, but at last the barking of the dog announced a discovery. It was the Italian stranger who was now saved and carried up to the hospice. A third time Grand and his dog sallied out into the tempest, and after a quarter of an hour's search found the others, near where the second man had been discovered. They were quite buried under the snow and almost insensible. He took the most feeble on his own shoulders, and with difficulty conducted the others to the hospice. It was now past midnight, and his toilsome task had occupied Grand over four hours, in a blinding snow storm.—*London Times.*

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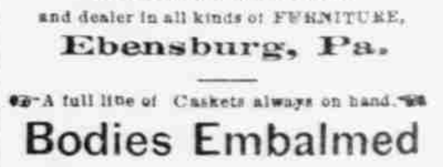
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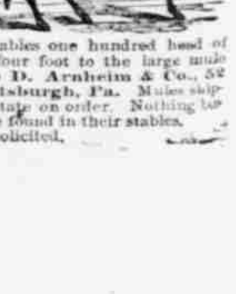


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March 26th, 1886. tf.

KENTUCKY MULES.



The only firm in Penn'a who make a speciality of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
☞ Correspondence solicited.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - FEB. 24, 1888.

LOWEST PRICES EAST OR WEST OF THE ALLEGHENIES!

Go where you will, you'll not find Dry Goods in general as cheap anywhere as at Gable & Co.'s store in Altoona, Penn'a. They sell the best 4c. Unbleached Muslin, yard wide, the best 5c., the best 6c., the best 7c., the best 8c., the best 9c. and the best 10c. They sell the best 7c. Calico in Altoona. They sell the best 5, 10, 12½, 17, 20, 22, 25, 37½, 50, 75c. and $1 Embroidery. They sell the best 25c. Towels and the best 25 and 50c. Table Linen. They sell the best 60c. White Shirts and the best 10, 12½ and 26c. Stockings.

You Can Save Money by Buying Our Dry Goods at Gable & Co.'s Store, Altoona, Penn'a.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—A daughter of Mr. Bart McCabe, of this place, is laid up with scarlet fever.

—Judge Johnston is holding Court this week in Greensburg for Judge Hunter.

—According to the opinion of the best posted weather prophets in this vicinity the good sleighing for this season is gone.

Under the new law assessors are entitled to receive $2 per day for the time actually employed in the performance of their duty.

—Mr. F. J. Vaught, of Allegheny township, will remove next week to Altoona, where he intends going into the dairy business.

—Mr. P. F. Browo, of the Central House, has, in the last three or four days, lost five hogs from some disease, thought to be the hog cholera.

—Flowers left to themselves in time become weeds; so many a man's vices have at first been nothing but good qualities run wild.

—Mr. C. T. Roberts, of this place, took his departure on Wednesday, for Coalport, to attend the meeting of the Masonic Lodge in that place.

—Some black-hearted villian entered the stable of Daniel Hashman, in White township, Indiana county, and cut the tongue of a valuable horse.

—Messrs. John Brown and David Wilson, of Summerhill, have purchased the furniture factory at Mineral Point and will take possession on the first of next month.

—Johnstown elected Dick, R., for Burgess over King, D., by 335 majority, and Pendry, R., for Tax Collector over Waters, D., by 168. The total vote was 1683.

—Wanted at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa., butter, eggs, oats, corn, wheat, rye, beans, potatoes, onions, etc., for all of which the highest trading price will be allowed.

—The Democrats of Altoona on Tuesday last elected their candidate for Mayor, Edward H. Turner, but their candidate for City Treasurer, John Dunphy, was defeated.

—FOUND.—A gold ear-ring was found on Centre street, near the court house, by Mr. M. D. Bearer, on Saturday last. The owner can receive it by calling at the office of M. D. Kittell, in the opera house.

—It is said that John L. Sullivan has written a letter which is in the hands of his friends, and which will be made public at the proper time, peremptorily declining the Republican nomination for President.

—Limited Express East struck and killed a Hungarian named Michael Buckorick at Little Juniata bridge, west of Tyrone, Friday last. The body was taken to Tyrone and delivered to the poor authorities.

—A scientist says: "If the land were flattened out the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." If any fellow undertakes the flattening process shoot him quick, for a great many poor mortals can't swim.

—C. T. Roberts, is selling at cost, Rubbers Gum, Wool and Leather Boots and Shoes, and Gloves, Mittens, Hats and Caps, of all kinds. Sale to last until March 1st, come quick, before they are all gone, if you want bargains.

—Lucian Louder, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, fell under the wheels of a train at Mifflin on Tuesday last and had both legs and an arm taken off and was taken to his home in a dying condition.

—The Johnstown Oil & Gas Company (Limited) is about to sink a test well four miles below Johnstown, near the one-mile dam. The lumber for the derrick is on the ground and the work of building the derrick was begun on Monday.

—The Cornet Band of this place intends giving an entertainment in the near future, and a committee has been appointed to select a play and secure assistance. The boys should be well supported in every way, for they are certainly deserving of it.

—Samuel Smith, aged 25 years, was seriously injured on last Friday, by a fall of coal, while working in Bakers' mines at Glen White. Smith is a Scotchman, coming to this country about nine months ago and has two motherless children dependent upon him.

—Pensions or increase of pensions have been granted lately to the following named persons residents of this county: Jacob Crouse, Johnstown; David Granss, Johnstown; Jeremiah Barnet, Johnstown; Patrick Burns, Gallitzin; John D. Lynch, Johnstown.

—An exchange says: "This being leap year, every married woman is entitled to sleep on the front side of the bed and to get up in the morning and make on the fires" Just as if every married woman has not been doing that right along ever since she was married.

—The House Committee on Postoffices has decided to report in favor of an increase in the allowable weight of packages going through the mails of from four to eight pounds. The department officials oppose the measure on the ground that it would tend to clog the mails.

—Robert Wilson, of Franklin borough, aged nineteen was struck by Chicago Limited Express, at East Conemaugh on Sunday evening and instantly killed. He was attempting to cross the track after the passing of a freight train and failed to notice the approach of the Limited.

The man who bet a suit of clothes on the election and lost, is now happy from the fact, that, if he buys the suit at McConnell & Saupps, St. Lawrence Block, corner of Eleventh avenue and Fourteenth street, Altoona, they wont cost him near as much as at any other place, and that he has not lost so much after all.

—A daughter of Mr. Edward Lynch, of Summerhill township, died suddenly on Monday evening, but from what cause, we were unable to learn. We were also informed that Mr. Lynch is lying almost helpless from a hurt received some time ago and that the balance of his family are all suffering from diptheria.

—A young man named McCann, whose mother resides near Lilly Station, and who was injured on Friday last while working in Piper's coal bank by the coal and slate falling on him, crushing one of his arms between the shoulder and elbow, necessitating amputation on Tuesday, died on Wednesday morning. He was unmarried.

—Scarlet fever is still lurking in our neighborhood and has invaded the household of Mr. James A. Shoemaker, of this place. Several of his children are laid up with the dread disease, one, a little girl about five years of age, being very bad, but we hope with the kind attention and care she will receive will soon be out of danger.

—Frackford, Pa., has a man who sleeps in a coffin. He is well educated and comes from one of the first families of the town, his father having been a leading politician and wealthy. He is now destitute and a beneficiary of the undertaker's charity. His ladylove died many years ago, since which time his mind has been somewhat unbalanced.

The Feast of Purim will be celebrated next Sunday by the Hebrew race. It commemorates the deliverance of the Jews in the ancient Persian Empire, through the efforts of Queen Esther and Mordecai, from the destruction planned against the whole race throughout the entire dominion of the Persian monarch, Ahasuerus, by the wicked Haman.

—The Commissioners of Greene county are about to take steps to secure the co operation of Commissioners throughout the State to put forth an effort to secure the passage of a bill that will enable the county officials to work prisoners confined in the jails on the public roads and other public improvements which are kept up at the expense of the county.

—We this week publish the announcement of Mr. Chas. A. Langbein, of Ebensburg, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff at the next Democratic primary election. Mr. Langbein is well known throughout the county, being the present deputy sheriff, understands the business of the office thoroughly, and if nominated and elected would make a competent and efficient officer.

—It is with sincere sorrow that we learn of the death of two children, both little girls, of Mr. Joseph Bengele, of Gallitzin, from scarlet fever. One died on Tuesday of last week, aged 4 years, and the other aged 7 years, died on Friday. One or two remaining children are afflicted with the dread disease, but we hope an all-wise providence may see fit to spare them to the afflicted parents.

—Mr. Sharp, an architect from New York State, was here this week preparing plans for the new steam tannery to be built in Ebensburg the coming spring. The main building will be 120x45 feet, two stories with furnished loft; boiler room 20x40 feet and also an engine house. The establishment will cost when completed $15,000, will have all the latest improved machinery and will employ about twenty men.

—From the Hays City, Kansas, *Sentinel* we clip the following: "John Stehley has outfitted his little folks' with the handsomest turn-out in western Kansas. It is a miniature cart drawn by a Shetland pony which isn't a second bigger than fifteen minutes. The total weight of the outfit pony and all is only 400 pounds." John's many friends in this place will be glad to hear of this evidence of this prosperity.

—The Johnstown *Morning News*, a new Democratic daily paper published at Johnstown, made its first appearance on Monday last. Mr. John E. Strayer is editor and proprietor, and C. B. Clark is associate editor. The field for a Democratic daily paper in Johnstown has long been an open one, and we are glad to see some one with the pluck and courage to make the venture and hope the new enterprise may prove successful and profitable.

—There was considerable excitement in this place over the election on Tuesday last. The politicians were out in full force working for their respective parties, and wherever they met, considerable loud talk was indulged in. At the polls nearly every doubtful vote was challenged, but the greatest excitement prevailed when R. L. Davis challenged the county for low prices in men's and boys'boots and shoes. Also a large stock of ladies and misses fine shoes kept constantly on hand at his shoe store on Julian street.

—We learn that a serious accident befell ex Commissioner McDonald one day last week. As he and Mercantile Appraiser Picard were crossing a bridge near Janesville, in a sleigh, their horse choked by the breast strap and fell over the bridge, carrying sleigh and men along to the bottom. In the fall Mr. Picard was uninjured, but Mr. McDonald we are sorry to learn, had a thigh broken and is otherwise injured. There being no snow on the bridge and the sleigh soles adhering to the plank, hence the choking.—*Clearfield Republican.*

—Osceola Mills, Clearfield county, is in a state of intense excitement over an attempted abduction of Gertie Walker, the fourteen-year-old daughter of J. K. Walker, proprietor of a planing mill at that place. The little girl was out playing with companions last Saturday afternoon, and on leaving them started for her home alone. Not reaching there her parents became alarmed, and searching parties were out all night seeking for her in all directions. In an old abandoned cellar was found the child's cap and also pieces of rope and other indications showing that she had been gagged. The search was continued and resulted in finding the little girl tied in an office in Osceola Mill, where she had been left by her abductors.

Items from Ashville.

ASHVILLE, Feb. 20, 1888.

DEAR FREEMAN: The weather here for the past few days has been very changable.

Last Wednesday was pay day on the railroad.

Mr. Wils. Glunt's smiling face is again visible on our streets.

Miss Mattie Gill, of this place, who has been living with her uncle John Gill, of Flynn City, is home on a visit.

Mr. Norbert Storm, of this place, is now working at Baker's Mines. We miss his accustomed presence very much.

Mr. Frank Gibbons, of this place, and Miss Mary Aurandt, of Gallitzin, were married by Rev. Father Boyle at Gallitzin on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. James Rhoddy, who has been ill for the past few days, is able to be out again.

Mr. Frank Burgoon, of this place, had a ball on Tuesday evening of last week, which was well attended.

Myrtle, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Burgoon, of this place, aged six months, took spasms on Wednesday noon of last week and died on Thursday morning at four o'clock. We sympathize deeply with the parents for the loss of their child.

Lightly tread our Myrtle sleeping,
But to wake in fields above;
Where are gathered all the treasure's
Of our Heavenly Father's Love.

Election of the Dauntless Fire Company.

At a meeting of the Dauntless Fire Company held on Monday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: M. D. Kittell, President; F. C. Lloyd, Vice President; S. J. Humphreys, Secretary; A. W. Buck, Treasurer; S. J. Humphreys, Librarian; Cyrus Jones, Assistent Librarian; M. R. B. Creery, Chief Director; M. D. Bearer, Assistent Chief Director; John T. Davis, Captain of Engine; E. C. Parish, Chief of Hook and Ladder; Ossie Wilkinson, Assistant Chief of Hook and Ladder; Otis Lloyd, Chief of Hose; Geo. A. Davis, first Assistant Chief of Hose; S. C. Davis, second Assistant Chief of Hose.

JNO. L. STOUGH,
D. A. McGOUGH, } Trustees.
S. J. HUMPHREYS,

Reade Township Items.

GLASGOW, PA., Feb. 20th, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN.—We are in the midst of beautiful winter weather. To day the sun shines brilliantly from an unclouded and auspicious sky. The huge snow drifts are wasting away under his fervent heat; the roads are being fast converted into slush and mud, while traveling, by any means, is difficult and unpleasant.

Candidates panting for public honor, and having high ambition to serve the "dear people," are swarming from the political hives of Reade township. Amid the great contest for power, 'tis difficult to tell where the aspirants will "light."

Jno. A. Kins, a plumed "Knight (night) of Labor," hailing from Philipsburg, landed in the village last Saturday, and remained over Sunday. During the whole of which time he worked like a "beaver" trying to convert one of the "fair ones" of Glasgow to join his confederation. How he succeeded, I can not tell, as he left no cards.

Frank Donahue and F. A. Notley, the efficient salesmen from Fiske and Fallen Timber, were hereaways last Sabbath evening attending church. Besides their many other accomplishments they both bear unmistakable evidence of great proficiency in handling "calico." Come again, boys.

Mrs. Maggie Lovell, of Petelia, Iowa, who has been visiting the scenes of her childhood at the home of her aged parents, Robt Hollen, Esq., and wife, of Mountain Dale, as well as her numerous other relatives and friends, called on Mrs. F. Hollen one day last week, and remained her guest during the afternoon. Mrs. L. speaks very highly of her western home, and has formed such strong attachments for it, that the thousand ties of early remembrance, and every loved spot which her infancy knew—could not induce her to locate again in the Keystone State.

The coal mines of Mountain Dale are now running steadily.

Rev. W. A. Baeir, of this place, was unable to fill his appointments last Sabbath on account of a violent attack of sickness.

Prof. J. W. Leech, the new county superintendent, smiling serenely in the official garb of authority, and accompanied by the veteran school director, Geo. W. Bowman, interviewed our schools last week. The pleasing and efficient manner in which Mr. Leech discharged his duties, is not only winning the admiration of all, but is a marked departure in the method hitherto pursued by any of his predecessors. Brilliant, pleasant, forcible, and dignified, he at once commands the respect and wins the confidence of all. His praise, as a polished gentleman and accomplished superintendent, is borne from every quarter of Reade township; and great advancement in the educational cause has been insured by his appointment.

The FREEMAN is read extensively throughout this township. Our people are well pleased with it.

An occasional deer is seen through this section, but sportsmen must be silent spectators to their gambols of life and liberty.

The election in Reade township passed off quietly. Following is the list of those elected: Justice of the Peace, R. Hollen; Constable, Chas. Troxell; Supervisors, Geo. Miller and Alex Troxell; School Directors, D. J. Matthews and J. G. Hollen; Assessor, Geo. W. Troxell; Assistant Assessors, M. L. Glasgow and J. T. Glass; Auditor, A. R. Wilthide; Return Judge, S. D. McCartney; Inspectors, Milton Spencer and Daniel Kuhn; Township Clerk, E. W. Sowder.

RED CLOUD.

Elections.

The election in Ebensburg passed off quietly, and below we give the result as also the officers elected in several other districts:

WEST WARD.

Burgess—John A. Blair, D. 78
" T. M. Richards, R. 56
Collector—Henry Byrne, D. 73
" Isaac Davis, R. 62
Auditor—Frank Gurley, D. 73
" A. J. Waters, R. 59
Council—D. A. McGough, D. 74
" George Huntley, R. 60
School Director—Morgan Hughes, D. 70
" " Thos M. Jones, R. 64
Assessor—J. D. Parish, D. 70
" David E. Evans, R. 62
Assistant Assessors—H. A. Englehart, D. 71
" " George Gurley, D. 69
" " Hosea Evans, R. 62
" " R. L. Davis, R. 64
Judge of Election—Geo. C. K. Zahm, D. 73
" " Richard L. Thomas, R. 61
Inspector—Thomas J. James, D. 72
" E. W. Humphreys, R. 61
Constable—James Myers, D. 78

EAST WARD.

Burgess—John A. Blair, D. 20
" T. M. Richards, R. 72
Collector—Henry Byrne, D. 20
" Isaac Davis, R. 72
Auditor—Frank Gurley, D. 19
" Isaac Davis, R. 71
Council—Thos. Sharbaugh, D. 19
" F. H. Barker, R. 73
School Director—William D. Jones, D. 21
" " David Pryce, R. 63
Assessor—Thomas Rosensteel, D. 18
" William Leighty, R. 71
Assistant Assessors—V. Lutringer, D. 48
" " Joseph Brown, D. 18
" " R. R. Davis, R. 72
" " E. E. Evans, R. 70
Judge of Election—John Lloyd, D. 18
" " John Ludwig, R. 72
Inspectors—William Byrne, D. 14
" David J. James, R. 45
Constable—J. B. Denny, D. 18
" Evan D. Evans, R. 72

CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.

Justices of the Peace, Thos. L. Jones, Thos. G. Davis; Judge of Election, E. J. Humphreys; Inspectors, Edwin L. Rees, Oliver Evans; Assessor, John J. Jones; Assistant Assessors, Benjamin Jones, Daniel J. Davis; Supervisers, David D. Evans, Edward Thomas; School Directors, R. H. Roberts, Jonathan Jones; Auditor, Richard D. Evans; Tax Collector, John F. Tibbott; Constable, John W. Tudor; Township Clerk, Jeremiah Lloyd.

CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.

Burgess, Wm. A. Noel; Council J. W. Sharbaugh, Benjamin Wirtner; Constable, Joseph Stitch; Collector, John Blum; School Directors, Edward Farabaugh, P. J. Dietrick; Judge of Election, I. S. Binder; Inspectors, A. J. Stolz, C. A. Farabaugh; Auditor, Blasius Zolner; Assessor, Benjamin Wirtner; Assistant Assessors, John Stolz, P. J. Dietrick.

CARROLL TOWNSHIP.

Constable, Isaac J. Weakland; Judge of Election, James P. Hoover; Inspectors, John Ovenberger, Simon Kline; Supervisors, V. Reig, M. Snyder; School Directors, Geo. Misel, V. Dumm; Assessor, J. G. C. Bearer; Assistant Assessors, Chas. Cain, W. R. Hughes; Auditor, Andrew Ellig; Township Clerk, Cornelius Misel.

I Have

been a sufferer from catarrh for the past eight years. Having tried a number of remedies advertised as "sure cures" without obtaining any relief, I had resolved never to take any other patent medicines, when a friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm. I did so with great reluctance, but can now testify with pleasure that after using it for six weeks I believe myself cured. It is a most agreeable remedy—an invaluable Balm.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Ave., Brooklyn.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, Feb. 22, 1888.

DEAR FREEMAN: Since my last the winter has broke and sleighing is virtually at an end for the present and consequently news is scarce. The lenton season, or forty days fast, commenced on Wednesday last, which ends the sociables during the aforesaid period.

The lessors of coal lands in this vicinity were made happy last week by receiving the balance of their money in full. It is said that one hundred and sixty thousand dollars will be distributed in Carroll, Barr, Susquehanna and Elder townships, this and last week for coal leases. Messrs. Hastings and Spangler, assisted by your townsman, M. D. Kittell, Esq., and Jas. C. Easly, Esq., of this place, are paying out and examining titles and getting deeds from the lessors and in fact cleaning up their purchases as they go. We have it from reliable authority that there is one hundred and fifty more coke ovens contracted for, to be built at or near F. J. Bakers on the Brubaker, about one mile below McGovern's contract. There are now twenty-five teams engaged in hauling stone, etc., for them, and more are wanted. This country will experience a business boom in the near future.

The borough election passed off quietly this spring, as there was no opposition to the ticket nominated, and the borough is supplied with a good corps of officers for the ensuing year.

Messrs. Gray & Williams intend to resume operations at their distillery on first of March next with an enlarged building and new boiler and engine, there venture has proved a success, and orders for the ardent are increasing so fast as to cause an increased capacity.

Our steam flouring mill will be furnished with rollers in the spring.

The family of Mr. William Luther, of Carroll township, consisting of his wife and four children are lying dangerously ill with diphtheria.

There was nothing to mar the peace and quietude of our town since the great blizzard and the famous dog suit, in which Judge Spangler and Davy Pratt figured so largely, until Friday last, when a young Merchant Prince of this place conceived the idea to play a joak, as our friend Artemas Ward puts it, on a young Hardware King, and thereby hangs a tale and a canine tail at that, the aforsaid Prince in taking a survey of his own and his neighbor's possessions aspied a defunct canine lying in a lumber pile in the young King's lot, the Prince exclaimed ha! I will run, summon my minions and command them to capture the body of the canine and prepare him in the manner and form, and according to the custom in such cases provided, place his body in a suitable casket, which shall be an empty shoe box, of which I am possessed of many, and ship him to my friend the young Hardware King, which shall cause him to fume and give way to many expresions not in conformity to the rules of our gentle neighborhood, and by so doing I should have perpetrated a huge piece of pleasantry that shall not be forgotten for many a long day to come; all of which the young Merchant Prince did to his entire satisfaction, as he thought, but alas! who can tell what a day may bring forth, yea an hour. One of the Prince's minions basely betrayed his jovial scheme by informing his majesty the young King, of his masters intentions. The young King sent one of his minions to intercept the carrier, which he did, and taking the casket into a castle of a friend of his masters, the body of the canine was transferred into another box and reshipped to the young Prince, who was watching the arrival of the box to his neighbor, all of which he saw safely delivered. At the same time the messenger brought him a box, for which the young Prince paid the expressage remarking at the sametime "another box of shoes," he seized his box opener and proceeded to raise the lid, when lo! and behold his ardent gaze encountered the body of the defunct canine which he had shipped that morning. It would be an herculian task to repeat what passed his lips for space of fifteen minutes, but it may be proper to explain that the atmosphere was blue. "Another box of shoes" is now the by word of the street gamins, and so ended the "dogonest" dog episode which occurred for some time.

AMICUS.

A Trip to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad—Low Rates and Special Train.

In order that those who could not make it convenient to go in the previous excursion may have an opportunity of visiting Washington, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a second special excursion to Washington on Thursday, March 1st, 1888. The round trip tickets will be operative for ten days, a period of time ample for a thorough visit to the capital with its hundreds of interesting scenes and places. The public buildings are a source of the greatest interest, while Congress, the courts, the Government institutions, and the prominent places in the vicinity, serve to fill the measure of pleasure.

In addition to these, Richmond and Mount Vernon may be visited on low rate tickets which will be sold to the excursionists. The special train of Pullman Parlor Cars and day coaches will leave at the time specified below, and round-trip tickets, allowing a stop-over in Baltimore on return trip, good for ten days, to be used going only on special train and returning by any regular train except the New York and Chicago Limited, will be sold from the stations mentioned at the rates quoted:—

	Rate.	Trains Leaves.
Johnstown	$6 50	10.13 A. M.
Cresson	6 50	11 02 "
Altoona	6 50	11.50 "

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Feb. 22nd, 1888:

Edson J. Overderf and Nancy Ellen Donaldson, Morrellville, Pa.

Jacob N. Sherman, Gallitzin and Emma M. Wilson, Comprobsts Mills, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

Edward L. Edwards and Jessie P. Levergood, Johnstown.

Jeremiah S. Burket and Cora L. Sharp, Portage.

Conrad Hamsteffie and Sarah Studt, Lilly.

P. A. Kuhn and Mary R. Stine, Reade township.

John Extine, Cambria and Jennie Lee, Millville.

John H. Harshberger and Lizzie H. Trevarrow, Richland township.

William C. McCartney and Louisa Williams, EastConemaugh.

William Yoder and Izora Kauffman, South Fork.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rh um, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively scure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J ames and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50c. and $1. at E. James' drug store, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer's store, Loretto.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

C. A. LANGBEIN.

Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the two horse wagon and team in the possession of James Stinebiser belongs to me and all persons are hereby notified not to meddle with or interfere with the same.

GEORGE DUMAN.

Blacklick twp, Feb. 20, 1888.—3t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Mause, deceased, of Croyle township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby giving to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY B. MAUSE, Adm'x.

Croyle Twp., Feb. 17, 1888.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the name of W. A. Chaplin & Bro., has been this day disolved.

W. A. CHAPLIN & BRO.

Flynn City, Pa., Feb. 6, 1888.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES! —OF— CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA., FROM THE 3rd day of January, 1887, to the 2nd day of January, 1888.

ALEX. STACKHOUSE, TREASURER, DR.

To balance in hands of Treasurer, at last settlement	$ 2,167.69
To amount received from Duplicate of 1887	78,673.71
To amount received from redemption of lands	3,461.76
To amount received from seated and unseated lands	501 02
To amount received from constables for 1886 and previous	1,263 80
To amount received from borrowed money	33,000.00
To amount received from Commissioners sales of lands	588 00
To amount received from miscellaneous sources	1,242 07
	$120,847 05

CR.

By amount paid—

Auditors (County)	$ 200 00	
Auditors (State)	55 50	
Assessors	2,382 45	
Boarding Jurors	116 50	
Boarding prisoners	2,848 52	
Building bridges	2,970 50	
Bridge and road views	464 15	
Borrowed money	33,000 00	
Commissioners' sales	1,200 00	
Commissioners' clerk	600 00	
Commissioners' counsel	400 00	
Counsels' fees	168 00	
Court crier and tip staves	540 00	
Constables	1,771 82	
Criminal prosecutions	6,259 98	
Court House	2,061 50	
District Attorney	983 00	
Elections	2,538 68	
Fox and other scalps	577 05	
Inquisitions	324 85	
Insurance	450 00	
Interest on borrowed money	724 82	
Interest on Court House bonds	400 00	
Janitor	600 00	
Jail and jailor	3,932 21	
Jury Commissioners and clerk	138 57	
Jurors (grand)	984 98	
Jurors (traverse)	5,531 59	
Jurors (talesmen)	26 00	
Miscellaneous	22 25	
Old orders	49 17	
Probates	43 30	
Postage and expressage	43 73	
Prothonotary	1,039 95	
Printing	1,350 41	
Poor Directors' salary	300 00	
Poor & house of employment	15,082 55	
Registry	838 08	
Records	325 95	
Refunding	396 78	
Road damages	310 00	
Road fund	3,292 87	
Reform School	908 42	
Redemption of lands	13 68	
School fund	5,870 57	
Sheriff	1 117 43	
State tax	1,679 72	
Soldiers' burial	650 00	
Stenographer	692 00	
Stationary	25 65	
Teachers' Institute	200 00	
Western Penitentiary	1,526 75	
Western Penna. Hospital	1,654 12	
Rem'n'g in constables hands	1,245 96	
Exonerations to constables	3,007 42	
Exonerations on duplicate	38 73	
Abatement to tax payers	3,893 67	
Treasurer's com. on $77,873.59 @ 5 per cent	3,893 67	
Treasurer's com. on $31,752.47 @ 2½ per cent	793 81	$121,540 30
Balance due Treasurer		$693 25

AMOUNTS DUE FROM CONSTABLES.—

1882	Henry Stemmer, Johnstown 7th w.	$ 57 48
1883	E. B. McCartney, E. Conemaugh	26 95
	Henry Stemmer, Johnstown 4th w.	92 34
	Geo. D. Pringle, Wilmore Bor.	2 01
1884	Geo. E. Krug, Barr twp	15 80
	D. H. Jones, Cambria twp	4 88
1885	John A. Troxell, Portage twp.	80 92
	John N. Strayer, Summerhill twp.	78 04
1886	S. B. Edmiston, Barr twp.	5 86
	I. J. Weakland, Carroll twp.	247 66
	A. H. Penrod, Croyle twp	99 86
	John N. Strayer, Summerhill twp.	198 08
	Wm. A. Rager, Susquehanna twp.	392 01
	Hiram Kemmerer, E. Taylor	17 95
1887	I. J. Weakland, Carroll twp.	142 01
	Thos. Gittings, Clearfield twp	70 65
	J. A. Kline, Elder twp	48 91
	Thos. Hancuff, Gallitzin Bor.	53 94
	A. J. Berkey, Grubtown Bor.	27 45
	P. R. Miller, Johnstown 6th w.	122 99
	Henry Eichensehr, Prospect Bor.	164 34
	John A. Platt, Susqehanna twp.	448 57
	Joseph Jenkins, W. Taylor	175 10
		$2,565 74

AMOUNT DUE CAMBRIA COUNTY ON JUDGMENTS.

John T. Cooney	$ 275 38
Isaac Wike	41 28
Benjamin Figart	177 07
James Fleck	59 72
S. A. R. Fitch, et. al.	10 08
W. W. Sherman, et. al.	86 06
John E. McKinzie	213 22
Barbary Rabb	88 05
George V. Shery	97 90
Pat Connell	53 75
Pat Connell, et. al.	78 70
A. Farrell	355 72
D. C. Burk	34 16
Pat Durham, et. al.	79 27
M. J. Noel, et. al.	172 12
A. B. Litzinger, et. al.	37 82
P. F. Flenner, et. al.	86 56
Wm. H. Kelly, et. al.	204 75
Silas Baldwin, et. al.	359 56
Danial Reffner, et. al.	30 08
Michael Donohoe, et. al.	2 105 00
Lucinda Bingel	30 69
Ed. C. Bingel	53 44
Frank McDermit, et. al.	66 14
George Soulsby	184 03
William O'Connor, et. al.	27 48
Patrick Fleming	286 40
James O'Conner, et. al.	252 58
Patrick Fleming	101 45
John J. Kuhn	86 11
Michael McBride	268 81
William White, et. al.	123 69
	$6,149 99

RECEIVED FROM SEATED AND UNSEATED LANDS.

DISTRICT.	ROAD.	SCHOOL.
Barr township	$	$ 45
Blacklick township	1 50	9 26
Cambria township	8 10	9 90
Clearfield township	18 21	44 84
Conemaugh township	20	5 61
Croyle township	1 87	2 80
Dean township	51 54	
Elder township	12 88	9 76
Ebensburg Borough	40	32
Gallitzin township	14 99	14 70
Jackson township	21 10	23 75
Johnstown 7th ward		4 25
Munster township		1 77
Portage township	3 12	3 90
Reade township		25 59
Stony Creek township		7 43
Summerhill township	1 45	2 70
Washington township	13 80	17 99
White township		7 65
	$149 07	$192 07

AMOUNT DUE DISTRICTS FROM COMMISSIONERS SALES AND REDEMPTION OF LANDS.

	ROAD.	SCHOOL.
Adams township	$ 34 50	$ 41 50
Blacklick township	80	80
Cambria township	2 50	10 00
Conemaugh township		5 00
Clearfield township		1 00
Croyle township	1 48	8 86
Dean township	70 75	109 85
Gallitzin Borough	1 60	2 00
Jackson township	19 00	27 25
Munster township	1 75	2 50
Portage township	8 75	20 20
Reade township	194 00	295 30
Susquehanna township		9 00
Taylor township	1 30	10 40
Washington township	26 50	19 65
White township	391 50	710 50
Yoder township	2 25	32 75
	$755 48	$1 308 25

ASSETS.

Due County from judgments	$ 6,149 99
Due County from constables	2,565 74
Liabilities over assets	17,899 31
	$26,615 04

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders	$ 9,184 56
Outstanding County Bonds	16,000 00
Due districts on road and school	2,495 88
Due individuals on redemption of lands	224 18
Due Treasurer at settlement	693 25
	$26,615 04

GIVEN under our hands at the Commissioners' Office, in Ebensburg, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1888.

JOHN KIRBY,
JOHN CAMPBELL, } Commissioners.
J. G. LLOYD.

Attest—D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

WE, the undersigned, Auditors of Cambria county, respectfully report that we have carefully examined the vouchers and accounts of the Receipts and Expenditures of said county, from the 4th day of January, 1887, to the 3rd day of January, 1888, and find them as stated, also the foregoing statement of Assets and Liabilities of said county.

GIVEN under our hands at the Commissioners' Office, in Ebensburg, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1887.

GEO. A. KINKEAD,
JOS. W. GRIFFIN, } Auditors
LOUIS ROLAND,

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES! ---OF--- POOR and HOUSE of EMPLOYM'NT ---OF--- CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA., FROM THE 3D DAY OF JANUARY, 1887, TO THE 2D DAY OF JANUARY, 1888.

ALEX. STACKHOUSE, TREASURER, DR.

To balance due at last settlement	$12,943 39
Requisition for 1887	13,000 00
To cash from G. W. Easly	145 00
To cash from I. Lilly	101 34
	$26,189 73
To balance due Poor and House of Employment	$11,107 17

CR.

By amount paid—

Attorneys' fees	$ 60 00	
Blacksmithing	35 23	
Boarding and nursing o. d. p.	258 25	
Clothing, dry goods, boots and shoes	543 39	
Coal and wood	165 85	
Coffins at House	64 00	
Coffins and funeral expenses o. d. p.	497 65	
Justice cost and constable fees, o. d. p.	346 29	
Drugs and medicine	10 70	
Expenses and allowance, o. d. p.	5,549 17	
Farm and House servants	556 26	
Flour and feed	390 99	
Freight and transportation, o. d. p.	246 44	
Groceries and tobacco	791 42	
Hardware	80 98	
Insurance	50 00	
Live stock	6 50	
Livery hire, o. d. p.	55 00	
Lumber and fence posts	28 69	
Meat	470 38	
Old orders, 1886	59 82	
Physician at House	158 95	
Physician, o. d. p.	508 08	
Phosphate, seed and plants	97 05	
Printing and postage	15 10	
Repairs	39 69	
Refrigerator	45 00	
Salary, Steward	500 06	
Salary, Matron	150 00	
Sewer pipe	138 66	
Warren and Dixmont Insane Assylum	3,121 33	
Westmoreland and other counties boarding paupers	131 50	
Balance due Poor and House of Employment	11,107 17	$26,189 73

REPORT OF I. LILLY STEWARD OF POOR AND HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, PENN.A.

STOCK ON FARM.

2 horses, 12 cows, 1 bull, 3 calves, 10 shoats to keep over, 4 shoats to butcher, 6 turkeys, 45 chickens.

FARM PRODUCTS.

47 tons hay, 372 bush oats, 116 bush buckwheat, 700 bush potatoes, 300 bush corn ears, 56 bu. rye, 35 bush turnips, 75 bush sugar beets, 10 bush onions, 800 heads cabbage, and abundant crops of tomatoes, peas, beans, etc.

Butchered 7 hogs, 2300 lbs., 1 cow, and 9 calves, 1424 Lbs.

MANUFACTURED IN THE HOUSE.

23 bbl. soft soap, 1100 lb. hard soap, 3 bbl. sauer kraut, 900 lb. of butter, 60 gal. apple butter, 1 bbl. cucumber pickles, 1 bbl piccalilli, 156 cans fruit, 82 men's shirts, 26 chemises, 24 women's dresses, 7 children's dresses, 23 aprons, 7 skirts, 24 pairs woolen socks, 11 pairs stockings, 12 pairs woolen mittens, 26 haps, 21 sheets, 30 pillow cases, 16 bed ticks, 13 pillow ticks, 13 roller towels.

Wagons buggies and farm implements same as reported last year.

INMATES.

In House January 1st, 1887	55
Admitted during year	72
Born during year	3—130
Died during year	9
Discharged during year	56
In House January 1st, 1888	65—130

No. of meals given tramps, 422

Of inmates remaining in house January 1st, 1888, there are 45 males, adults, 20 females, adults, 3 males and 1 female are blind 3 males and 3 females are parlytic, 4 males and 3 females are epileptic, 11 males and 7 females are demented, 29 males and 7 females are over 60 years of age, 3 males and 6 females are over 80 years of age.

Of the inmates 37 are natives and 28 are foreigners.

DIED AT HOUSE.

Daniel Kern, Wm. Weiff, Jas. Johnston, Daniel Addison, Chas Ritter, Aug. Oversher, Chas. Keiger, Wm. Langhorst, Sarah Daugherty.

INSURANCE ON PROPERTY.

North America Co. on House and furniture	$ 6000 00
North America Co. on barn and wagon shed	1700 00
North America Co. on pump house and machinery	500 00
Fire Association of Phil'a on buildings	3000 00
Cambria Mutual Co. on buildings	2250 00
do do on wagons and harness	250 00
Oriental Company on barn and contents	500 00
do do on buildings	5000 00
do do pump house and machinery	500 00
Total	$19700 00
Am't of above insurance on House and contents	$16250 00
Am't on barn, wagon shed and contents	2450 00
Am't on pump house and machinery	1000 00
	$19700 00

AM'T DUE POOR AND HOUSE EMPLOYMENT.

From Jacob Thomas and wife	$726 04
" Jno. Baker	111 70
" Wm. Pryce	2 60
" Jno. J. Evans	28 41
" Henry Schrader on bond	15 00
" Mrs. Henry Glass	2 10
" David R. Jones	1 75
" Jacob Shaffer	8 10
	$895 10

GIVEN under our hands at Commissioners' office, at Ebensburg, Pa., this 12th day of January, A. D., 1888.

LOUIS ROLAND,
JOS. W. GRIFFIN, } Auditors.
GEO. A. KINKEAD,

OUR GREAT

Between Season's Sale!

At no time in the year have we offered Goods so cheap as the present time.—We have just completed Stock Taking and discovered innumerable quantities of odd Suits, odd Overcoats and odd Pants, which we have placed on one separate corner of our Store and marked at figures far below their regular selling value. Everybody knows when we say a thing we mean it and we can confidently predict that in one month from the issue of this advertisement not a single garment of all our odd Stock shall remain on our hands, so don't delay your visit to our Mamouth Establishment. It will pay you to buy Goods now for next Winter's use.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

JOHNSON & STOKES' GARDEN and FARM MANUAL for 1888, will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Catalogue with Colored Plates, and the FINEST COLLECTION OF SEEDS ever offered. Our MARKET GARDENERS with varieties specially adapted to their purposes, and all TOOLS necessary to manage a complete garden. If you grow VEGETABLES FOR MARKET, tell us so when you send for our Catalogue. **SEEDS** JOHNSON & STOKES, 219 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$1200 A YEAR WITHOUT WORK!

This is what lots of folks want. We can't give it to them. But we can and will **guarantee a profit of $25.00** a week to one or two energetic agents in each county in this State who will industriously push the sale of our splendid new line of books, according to our instructions. This is **no extravagant promise.** We are doing it **every day.** We don't want **many agents**; but we want agents who **have ability, who are industrious,** and who **are in earnest.** Experience is not always necessary; some of our **best agents are raw recruits,** whom we have **taught to make money** during the past two months. We guarantee **exclusive territory,** give **liberal terms** and agree to show any intelligent and enterprising agent how to make at least $1200 a year—**certain sure.** Among our many valuable publications we have space to mention only **a few** of the **latest and best:**

THE DIVERSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT IN TURKEY, by "Sunset" Cox.
HARD TACK AND COFFEE, the great new soldiers' book. Twenty-five thousand sold in first thirty days. The **210 splendid original illustrations** are a story in themselves.
HOME AND FARM CYCLOPEDIA, the greatest farm book ever made. **Positively without an equal.** Sold by our **new special plan,** and to one good man in each county we **guarantee** an income of $2,000 a year on this book alone. **This is straight business.** It is not **an experiment, but is an established fact.**

We want the name and address of every book agent who is making less than $25.00 a week. **We can't employ all who apply,** but those who are **worthy** shall have our aid. **Do not hesitate a moment,** but write at once for full particulars (free), to

P. J. FLEMING & CO., Publishers, No. 4 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TRIAL LIST.

Notice is hereby given that the following cases have been set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg on Monday, March 12, 1888.

Use Wright	vs.	Conway et. al.
Krause	vs.	Rex.
Hoffman et. al.	vs.	Conser.
Easly	vs.	Gray & Williams.
Pfeifer	vs.	Smith.
Emmerson	vs.	Logan.
Wills	vs.	Meredith.
McCullough	vs.	Ivory.
Ashton et. al	vs.	Schriber.
Barnhart	vs.	Barnhart.
Same	vs.	Same.
Hopple	vs.	Boland.
Use Stitch	vs.	Hipps & Lloyd.
Use Hipps & Lloyd	vs.	Lloyd & Craver.
Same	vs.	Same.
Thomas	vs.	Same.
Peters	vs.	Thomas.
Yost	vs.	Short.
Suppes	vs.	Johnstown Lumber Co.
Hunt	vs.	Bader et. al
Blair Co., Bk'g Co.	vs.	Notley.
First Na. Bk., Altoona	vs.	Duncan.
Gallagher et. al.	vs.	Durbin.
Glass et. al.	vs.	P. R. R.
Bergenstock & Co.	vs.	Parrish et. ux.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Prot'y.

Proth'ys Office, Ebensburg Feb. 10 1888.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS THE HON. ROBERT L JOHNSTON, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of the 47th Judicial District consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 16th day of December, 1887, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg for the County of Cambria and to commence on the First Monday of March, 1888, and continue two weeks.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Coroner, Justices of Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said county of Cambria, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 1 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Cambria county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

GIVEN under my hand at Ebensburg, the 16th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1887, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Year of the Independence of the United States.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Feb., 10, 1888.

Orphans' Court Sale —OF— A VALUABLE FARM —IN— Blacklick Twp.

BY virtue on an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county I will offer at public sale on

THURSDAY, MARCH 1st, 1888,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

on the premises, all that certain farm or tract of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of C. Farabaugh, John Hines, M. Stiles and others, containing one hundred acres more or less, about fifty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a plank house, plank stable and a saw mill. There is also a fine orchard on the property.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of the bid to be paid on day of sale, the balance of one-third on the confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments with interest to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

SAMUEL REED,
Executor of Ann Elizabeth Bracken.

Persons desiring information in regard to the above described property can apply to F. A. Shoemaker, Attorney Law, Ebensburg.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby geven that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and will be confirmed by said court on the first Monday in March next, unless cause be shown to the contrary:

First and final account of Joseph Tomlinson, committee of John Vaught, a lunatic.

First and Final account of John C. Gates, assignee of Mathias Kessler, et. ux.

First and final account of Jas. M. Shumaker, assignee of John H. Henning.

Ebensburg, Feb. 10, 1888.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

NOTICE.—To the heirs and legal representatives of John E. Evans, deceased:

Take notice that an inquest will be held on the premises of John E. Evans, deceased, in the townships of Cambria and Blacklick, in the County of Cambria, on Wednesday, February 29th next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according law, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 30, 1888.

NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of the County of Cambria. To the Heirs and Legal Representatives of William J. McGuire, deceased.

GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of March next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the Real Estate of William J. McGuire, deceased, at the appraised valuation put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by the said Court, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 10, 1888

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of William Ryan deceased, of Lilly borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET RYAN, Adm'x.

Lilly, Feb. 17, 1888.

Oils! Oils! Oils!

The Standard Oil Company of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING OILS
NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE

That can be made from Petroleum.

If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours. Trade for Ebensburg and vicinity supplied by

V. S. BARKER & BRO.
Ebensburg, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

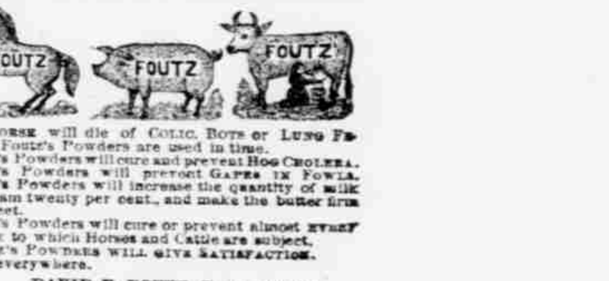
I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The BEST Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS



No HORSE will die of COLIC, BOTS or LUNG FEVER, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent HOG CHOLERA.
Foutz's Powders will prevent GAPES IN FOWLS.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERY DISEASE to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.
Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale at DAVISON'S Drug Store.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
Leave St. Louis at 8:30 P. M., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

Only Temperance Bitters Known.



100 PER CENT. PROFIT and SAMPLES FREE to men canvassers for Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belts, Brushes, &c. Lady agents wanted for Electric Corsets. Quick sales. Write at once for terms Dr. Scott, 848 Broadway, N. Y. 3mo.

WHEN you want Job Printing of any kind done give the FREEMAN office a trial.

Concluded from first page.

"He is a madman!" cried Mr. Quill. "Don't let him escape. He is Rudolph Brandt's murderer."

At the same instant strong hands seized and held the culprit fast.

His subsequent ravings would have condemned him had there been any lingering doubt of his guilt. The duplicate key to the cabinet was found upon his person. Some held to the opinion that we had not been in his right mind for weeks previous to the murder.

* * *

Let us drop a veil over the first moments of Daisy's reunion with her husband. She clung to his neck and flung herself upon his bosom, weeping passionate tears of penitence and remorseful love.

"The will that has been discovered gives all this vast wealth to you," she said. "If you do not love me, Eustace, say that you will forgive the silly doubts and fears that wronged you so cruelly, and let me go."

"If I do not love you!" he slowly repeated, raising her drooping head. "Oh, my darling, my own! What would riches and honor be worth to me if I had to give you up?"

She looked up at him incredulously, pale to the very lips.

"You do love me—a little?"

"Better than all this world has to offer in exchange," he answered earnestly. "I will tell you the truth without disguise, my darling. I have for years felt a deep conviction it was Richard's father who spirited you away when a child; but he died suddenly, with the wrong unconfessed. He used to spend some of his time here, and about a month ago I found among his old papers a scrap bearing the two words, 'Child—Bramley.' Acting upon the suspicion suggested by the brief memorandum, I went secretly to Bramley to investigate. I saw you. It was a case of love at first sight. I lived in mortal terror of what Richard might do, and dared not disclose the truth until I had taken measures for your protection. You believe me darling, do you not?"

Once glance into his eloquent eyes, and their lips met in a clinging caress. Daisy's cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

The Ugly Girl.

It is a strange fact that the ugly girl is rather a favorite than otherwise, although a thing of beauty is a joy forever. When we look at her, says *Harper's Bazar*, we lament the shape of her nose, we sigh over the cast in her eye, we deplore the dullness of her complexion, we can find nothing to praise; but perhaps she smiles, or she has a witching manner. She knows the spell which puts every one at his ease; she owns the charm which makes others pleased with themselves; and then we are wont to say that there is no such person as the ugly girl. But to those who do not know her, who do not come under the magnetism of her presence, she remains the ugly girl to the end of the chapter; and when she marries—carries off the best match of the season, perhaps—prettier women are at their wits' end to know what attractions she possesses superior to their own.

What is it that redeems the ugly face and makes it shine with comeliness so that we sometimes would not exchange it with all its misshapen features, for the beauty of Aphrodite? The plain face which is alive with intelligence, which beam with an expression of refinement and good nature, which culture and high-mindedness animate, becomes sometimes finer and more effective than mere prettiness, mere pink and white loveliness, mere shapeliness and symmetery of feature; a pretty face has been known to pall upon one, but who has sounded the depth of attraction which resides in a mobile countenance where the features may be found to swear at each other, so to speak?

But the ugly girl must choose her colors and fashions wisely. She must not be ultra and conspicuous; she must know how to bring out whatever charms exist in her face or figure that would overcome the defects; if her nose is large, the hair on the top of the head will be most becoming; if her face is heavy, a turban hat that covers the forehead will add to its disfigurement; if her ears are large and ill-shapen, she should not wear earrings. She should first of all recognize her defects.

The ugly girl has some advantages over her pretty sister; she does not fade so early, or at least her fading is not so palpable, and she is usually abetter looking matron than a girl.

Jefferson on Cheap Whisky.

In 1823 Mr. Jefferson discussed the subject in a letter, and we give the pertinent portions of that letter. After speaking of certain wholesome economies of President Monroe's administration that would obviate the necessity of new loans, he said: "I shall be glad, too, if an additional tax of one-fourth of a dollar a gallon on whisk, shall enable us to meet all our engagements with punctuality. Viewing that tax as an article in a system of excise, I was once glad to see it fall with the rest of the system, which I considered as prematurely and unnecessarily introduced. It was evident that our existing taxes were then equal to our debts * *

But the prostration of body and mind which the cheapness of this liquor is spreading through the mass of our citizens now calls the attention of the legislator on a very different principle. One of his important duties is as guardian of those who, from causes susceptible of precise definition, cannot take care of themselves. Such are infants, maniacs, gamblers, drunkards. The last as much as the maniac requires restrictive measures to save him from the fatal infatuation under which he is destroying his health, his morals, his family and his usefulness to society. One powerful obstacle to his ruinous indulgence would be a price beyond his competence. As a sanitary measure, therefore, it becomes one of duty in the public guardians."

The letter was written in 1823, when the great statesman was in the full possession of all his faculties, when he no longer felt the pressure of partisan warfare. Alexander Hamilton had been dead nearly twenty years, and the Federalists, whom he fought on all occasions, were disorganized and powerless. He had no occasion to sharpen his pen in order to oppose their public measures, and he freely and openly expressed his views as to the folly of cheapening whisky.

The entire national debt in 1823 scarcely exceeded the amount that the Pension Office now annually requires from the people! And yet Mr. Jefferson actually desired the Government in a time of profound peace to tax whisky.

KASKINE

THE NEW QUININE.



GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

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Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch." "Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

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The Hope of the Nation. Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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1888.

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The News of the World—The Times has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a **newspaper**, with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

The Coming Year will be one of universal public interest in the United States. Party organs will perform their duties as party interests shall demand, but the rapidly growing intelligence and independence of the age calls for the independent newspaper when great political conflicts are to be met. Grave problems of revenue, of finance, of commerce, of industry, of science, of art and every phase of enlightened progress are in constant course of solution by the people of the Union, and the progressive newspaper is ever in the lead in every struggle for advancement.

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THE TIMES,
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ebensburg & Cresson R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Luckett,	9.07	11.20	5.35
Munster,	9.14	11.29	5.42
Noel,	9.19	11.35	5.48
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	5.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.00	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.09	3.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.25	10.20	3.30
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.36
Luckett,	7.36	10.32	3.45
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson	9.10	5.20
Wildwood	9.28	5.33
Dawson	9.32	5.36
Amsbry	9.43	5.44
Ashville	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.35	6.23
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.25
Flynn City,	10.49	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.43
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.30	7.00
Rosebud,	2.36	7.05
Coalport,	2.78	7.07
Flyn City,	2.48	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.06	7.32
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Condron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.24	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.52	8.14
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING,

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No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

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THE WEEKLY POST will give all the news. In its 12 pages and 84 columns will be found that careful variety of reading that interests the man of business, the farmer, the politician, the student, and, eminently the family and household circle.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

WE want SALESMEN everywhere, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER on file in PITTSBURGH at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents, **REMINGTON BROS.** who will contract for advertising at lowest rates.

$50 Reward.

The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring, or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.

HUGH DRISKEL, President.

Allegheny twp, Oct. 27, 1887.

SELWYN HALL *READING, PENN.*

A thorough preparatory School for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. Boys of any age admitted. Send for catalogue, terms, etc.

L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

Farm and Household.

To remove a cinder from the eye it is commended to send a flax seed in after it.

Eight pounds of fruit, five pounds sugar, one pint of cider vinegar, one ounce cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves and one ounce nutmeg. Boil one hour altogether. Put in more spices if you wish. A very nice relish with meats.

One of the principal causes of heaves in horses is the feeding of dusty or dirty hay. Ordinary clean hay can always be fed with safety if properly cut up, moistened and mixed with ground grain, but to feed the musty or dirty sorts is very injurious. Clover, owing to its liability to crumble, often gets dirty, even after storage, and should never be fed without being previously moistened.

The udder of a cow is a very complicated affair. Outwardly it consists of a series of muscular bands crossing each other and attached to the abdominal muscles for the support at the mass of the organ. The teat is not a simple tube, as has been supposed, but consists of a large number of ducts, which run into four or five more channels or tubes, each of which discharge separately into the orifice of the teat.

A horse should not be allowed to drink freely immediately after eating. Hon. John M. Russell, ex Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, tells of seeing some horses in France fed on coarse beans than watered all they would drink and immedidiately killed and dissected. He observed that a considerable quantity of beans had been washed out of the stomache, and some of them were found in the intestines.

To use pieces of cold boiled ham that are too small for the table, chop them fine, line a salid dish with lettuce leaves, season the chopped ham with pepper, a little mustard, and then make a tomato dressing. Take one pint of tomato juice, strain it, thicken it by adding one tablespoonful of arrowroot mixed with a little of the cold juice; then stir it into the other and let it boil for two or three minutes; add a little butter and pepper, and pour over the ham. Serve hot or cold.

Like will produce like. If the mare is light boned or has a too narrow chest, or is in any way defective select a heavier boned horse, or one that possesses greater strength or better points in that respect. But to insure much certainty as to what you would have, the mare and horse should be as nearly the type desired as possible, though not relatives. The offspring in-and-in breeding are generally delicate or unhealthy. Therefore it is unsafe to breed thus, and safety and certainty should be the motto of breeders.

"If the horse can have the privilege or selecting his own position for resting on his feet he can sleep standing but while his muscles may be to a certain degree relaxed, and get rest in that position, what can be said of the bearings at the joints? Without relief through the recumbent position the joint surfaces are forced continuously to bear a weight of from 1,000 to 1,800 pounds. This must act unfavorably, especially upon the complicated structures within the hoofs, which nature intended should have periods of rest each day."

"Horses can get some rest standing," said an old trainer "provided the position be reasonably easy, but no full rest unless recumbent. It is known of some horses that they never lie down in the stall though if kept in pasture they take their rest habitually in a recumbent position. It is well to consider whether the habit has not been forced upon the horse by some circumstance connected with the stall he was made to occupy, in that it had damp earth floor, or one made of dilapidated plank, uncomfortable to the horse that had been accustomed to select his own bed in the pasture.

Sift into a quart of sifted flour two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a large lump of soft, fresh butter and two cups of sweet cream and a pinch of salt, working the dough into a soft mass as quickly and lightly as possible. Do not cut, but pick off with the fingers roll-shaped pieces of dough, put in a baking-pan in a rather quick oven, and bake till a light brown on top. Then with the fingers tear the roll in two and place on a platter, pouring over your chicken stew. To make this cut up your chicken and cook slowly on the back of the stove with a little water, a large piece of butter and pepper and salt. When done add to the gravy a cupful or two of cream and when at the boiling point thicken with flour smothered in a little cold milk or cream. It should be remembered in making the crust for this dish that the mixing of the dough must be done with the utmost quickness, lightness and delicacy of touch; beating and prodding it with a heavy hand seems to take the vitality out of it. Made properly it is as light as a feather and is far more wholesome thus baked than when boiled in the old-fashioned way. Breast of veal or lamb make good pot pies.

Food Adulteration.

The question of food Adulteration is now occupying public attention more than ever before, and organizations are being formed in almost every State to prevent the sale of adulterated food or drink. The following letter voluntarily given, speaks volumes for the purity of Speer's Port Grape Wine:

N. Y., June 3, 1884.

Mr. ALFRED SPEER, Passaic, N. J.

Dear Sir:—The result of my investigation of your Wines convinces me that they are perfectly pure and free from foreign or deleterious substances. The best I have ever tasted, and is all that can be desired in a pure Port Wine. The Unfermented is especially nourishing, and where the action of alcohol is not required it is well adapted for invalids. I speak as a physician. Your Pedro Brandy fills a want long felt in the profession, for pure brandy can only be obtained with great difficulty.

A. S. COZNER, M. D.,
Analytic Chemist of food and Drink.

WHERE IT CAME FROM.—"Where is the island of Cuba situated?" asked an Austin school teacher of a small, rather forlorn looking boy.

"I dunno, sir."

"Don't you know where sugar comes from?"

"Yes, sir, we borrows it from the next door neighbor."

Pinching Parsimony.

It is well and right to be economical, for economy is at the base of saving and comfort and independence. Many a housewife has wasted away the substance of her husband's earnings, and many another one has been the means of enabling him, perhaps forcing him, to lay by something for a rainy day. The pride of the thrifty housewife that boasts that nothing is lost under her administration of domestic expenditure and consumption, is familiar to all. Every scrap and thread is utilized by her and she rivals the inventiveness of manufacturers in converting wastes into serviceable use. Poor, hard working men owe it to their wives economy that their little homes are their own; while others struggle along hopelessly in the effort to get a home, against the extravagances of their wives.

But economy is not pinching parsimony. Make no mistake about this. The good housewife who is doing her best to make both ends meet, and, if possible, to save a little out of her husband's earnings, is not to be confounded with the one who is endeavoring to pinch something out of the existence of her family and herself. The one will keep her family well, but will not waste; the other will try to prevent goodness from going into life.

An old man worth $50,000 was declining in weakness to the grave and had been ordered by his physician to take a little wine. "This is rich living for me," he said regretfully, as he was sipping the wine and eating a cracker; and he made sure that not a drop remained in the glass to be lost. Here was an economical spirit turned into parsimony; and a life that had been industrious and useful, was no doubt prematurely ended by its pinching character.

Savings made at the expense of starving the mind and the body are too dearly bought. They may be of service to children and their posterity, but the sacrifice that creates them has no defense.

There was a time when parsimony did not look as bad as it does now. It had almost an excuse in a day of poverty and scarcity, of high prices and small earnings. But the people who need to resort to absolute parsimony nowadays are few, and those people are usually the most wasteful and, considering their means, the most extravagant. The day of comfort and luxury has come to most people who would avail themselves of it.

A pinched up existence is hardly an apology for keeping soul and body together, and a person who pinches his body and soul not only acts like a trespasser upon the domain of life, but by his conduct endeavors to make himself a trespasser.

Success With Bees.

J. M. Clark, of Hillsdale, Mich., writes the *American Bee Journal*: I commenced the season of 1887 with twenty-three colonies in fair condition, which built up very strong during fruit bloom. The honey season opened very encouragingly, but from some cause, even before the drouth commenced, the honey-flow slackened up. White clover bloomed abundantly, but yielded very little honey. Basswood bloomed very full but before we could realize its presence, it was gone. We were having quite "bonanza" on sweet clover, there being about two acres of it. It is growing all along one of the railroads, but just as we were exulting in our good fortune, the railroad officials cut it all down. The fall flowers yielded some very nice honey after the rains commenced, but we did not get any buckwheat honey. Now as to the results: I extracted 1,500 pounds of extra nice honey weighing nearly 13 pounds per gallon, for which I have been receiving an average of $11\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound; also 100 pounds of comb honey. I increased my apiary to 43 colonies, and doubled them back to 37 colonies. I fed 160 pound of granulated sugar syrup. All of my colonies are packed in chaff on summer stands. Some of my neighbor bee keeper did much better than I. One harvested 2,000 pound of comb honey from 27 colonies of spring count, but he sold it early for $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound. We have one very enthusiastic bee-keeper in this county, as the following incident will show: He had great faith in the "water cure," was sick, and his father had him packed in wet blankets for a sweat. Just as the perspiration was nicely started, he looked out of the window and saw the bees swarming. He jumped up, throwing the blankets right and left, exclaiming: "Out of this, out of this!" and slipped into his clothes, and out after the bees in less time than it takes me to write it.

It is Well to Remember

That slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

That he who gathers roses must not fear thorns.

That to wait and be patient soothes many a pang.

That all are not princes that ride with the emperor.

That correction is good when ministered in season.

That it takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise.

That we will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

That to have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

That there is no limit to the age at which a man may make a fool of himself.

That the roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

That a man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the business of others.

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune." "By a very simple method." "What method is that?" "When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

IT is less important to a young lady that her lover's diamonds should be of pure water than that his drinks should be.

Do You Chew?

Then get the BEST which is **FINZER'S OLD HONESTY**

Genuine has a RED **H** tin tag on every plug.

OLD HONESTY is acknowledged to be the purest and most lasting piece of Standard Chewing Tobacco on the market. Trying it is a better test than any talk about it. Give it a fair trial. Your dealer has it.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS & SLEIGHS



Carriage Making in all its Branches.

Painting, Trimming

and REPAIRING of all kinds done on the SHORTEST NOTICE and the LOWEST PRICES. Also, Planing, Sawing and Wood Turning with improved machinery. Also, all kinds of heavy work done. Carriage smith shop connected. All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.

D. M. CHUTE.

Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

WANTED YOUNG MEN & LADIES TO **LEARN TELEGRAPHY.** Students practically educated for the business and situations furnished when competent. Address (Name this paper) SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, O.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT. For $1.00 we will send, post paid, 50 Extra Fine Cigars of the above brand. SCHWARTZ & KLINE, Robesonia, Pa. Jan. 14, '87.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT HIGH ARM "JENNIE JUNE" SEWING MACHINE

IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.



The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JUNE MANUFACTURING CO

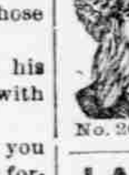
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CHICAGO, ILL.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY

For Young Men and Boys, Media, Penn.

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to college in 1883, 15 in 1884, 10 in 1885, 10 in 1886. A graduating class in the commercial department every year. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 vols. added to the Library in 1886. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate) Media, Pa.



DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS.

A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

LAST OPPORTUNITY!

For CHEAP EXCURSION To

CALIFORNIA.

$72 from St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route

$60 from Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Ry

Tickets are good for six months, limited to sixty days for going passage with stop over privileges at pleasure within limit of west-bound passage. Special excursion trains leave St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route, February 16th and Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Railway, February 17th. All coupon offices in the United States and Canada will sell tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco for this EXCURSION.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The diver's business is going down.

A watch that won't run doesn't need any chain.

A hat is like the advance agent. It goes on a head.

The way to have a good credit is to keep out of debt.

What kind of men ought to shrink well—Contractors.

The man who wants the earth generally gets it—after he is dead.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.

"This is a burning shame," said the man who was smoking a bad cigar.

The gatekeeper at the railway crossing should be a man of signal abilities.

Franklin did not commence his philosophical researches till he reached his 50th year.

Every time you pay a debt you are doing right and helping to put money in circulation.

A kind word costs nothing, and the return of it may come at a time when you need it most.

"He gave me some pointers," said the tramp to the farmer; "he jabbed me with a pitchfork."

Getting up with the sun is a common practice where there is a teething boy baby in the family.

If we're right we can't be hurt by the truth, and if we are not right we ought to be hurt righteously.

It is better to have thorns in the flesh with grace to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.

You have as much right to put your hand into another man's pocket as your nose into another man's business.

"You're a man after my own heart," as the blushing maiden confessed when her lover proposed marriage.

There is no such thing as a hopeless life—the soul could no more exist without hope than the body without breath.

In the Volapuk language the word for dollars is "doab." But it will be just as hard as ever to borrow one.

Trust no man's appearance—the roughest bark covers the soundest tree, and the thinest ice has the smoothest surface.

A Petersburg (Va). patriarch, seventy-five years of age, is married to his eighth wife and is the father of thirty-six children.

The fastest locomotives in this country are on the Pennsylvania railroad. It is claimed they can go a mile in fifty-two seconds.

A good-souled child is a fortress of strength between its parents and sin. The barest stump is beautiful when overrun by the honeysuckle.

Tom: "I think real estate men are awfully selfish." Harry, who is one of them: "Why?" "Because they are always wanting the earth."

"Little boyth thould be theen and not heard," said Johnny when his teacher asked him to recite a lesson that he had neglected to learn.

The brain of an elephant is somewhat larger than that of a man, but the trunk of an elephant is considerably smaller than that of a woman.

He (at a very late hour, with deep tenderness)—How can I leave thee? She—Really, Mr. Strayer, I can't tell you. I wish to heaven I could."

We should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

He who longs after good precepts is quickened in his imagination and strengthened in his expression. The vine which grows in the sun is the fullest of sap and the sweetest of fruit.

We can't see far the life of us why a woman tries to shoo a hen with the front of her dress, when by turning around and shaking her bustle she might put an ordinary hen into spasms.

The pleasures of the world are very deceitful. They promise more than they give; they trouble us in seeking them; they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair when losing them.

The young ladies of Hastings, Neb., met in council one day last week and passed resolutions declining to attend balls with the young men unless the latter should consent to recognize them when there is an opera.

A man told his friend that he had joined the army. "What regiment?" asked his friend. "Oh, I don't mean that; I mean the army of the Lord." "Ah, what church?" "The Baptist." "Why," was the reply, "that's not the army; its the navy."

Lucy—"Are you the gentleman who is going to take sister to see Mrs. James Brown Potter to-night?" Mr. B—"Yes, dear. Why do you ask?" Lucy—"Oh, nothing, only I heard her tell ma she was going with a bore an' I wanted to see what he looked like."

Fond Mamma—How is it young Mr. Fley don't ask you to go out riding? I saw him out with Miss Pert to-day. Daughter—I'm sure I can't tell. I praised his horse; and said I heard he was a good driver and all that, while Miss Pert only spoke to him once. Fond Mamma—What did she say then? Daughter—She asked him if he could drive with one hand.

Pearls of Thought.

Home life is the interior of winter's shell.

Sailors who sing are never guilty of mutiny.

The man of brass is always ready to show his mettle.

"It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born."

An old man repents of that of which a young man boasts.

No man is fit to have power unless he wishes to wield it for the good of all.

Earnestness is the best gift of mental power, and deficiency of heart is the cause of many a man never becoming great.

Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation the grateful heart; out of endurance fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor of the toilet. Good manners count for more than good clothes.

A HOUSE without a woman is simply a shelter. When the women comes, it becomes a home.